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CHRISTMAS BOOKS—I

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Why the Korean War Goes On

MR. VYSHINSKY'S "No" to the Indian compromise plan for prisoner repatriation was abrupt and unequivocal. The Russians and the Chinese, he made it clear, stand pat on the Geneva Convention. That Convention, which Britain, the U.S., the Soviet Union and other Powers re-negotiated in 1949, while expressly forbidding forcible detention of prisoners after hostilities have ceased, did not safeguard their right to resist forcible repatriation. Indeed, during the weeks of negotiation at Geneva before the draft was initialled, there is no evidence that any British or American delegate even suggested that prisoners who had violated military law while in the hands of the enemy should be allowed the right of asylum and so avoid trial and punishment when returned to their own countries. Mr. Vyshinsky, therefore, was able to argue very powerfully, first, that the Americans are demanding that an exception should be made to rules to which they agreed only three years ago and, secondly, that the Indian compromise plan was a complex and cumbersome procedure, designed merely to ensure that only those prisoners who so opt should be returned.

Once again, therefore, Mr. Nehru's mediation looks like failing, and already the propagandists are busily painting the picture of Western humanitarianism rising above international law and nobly resisting a Red Shylock's demand for a pound of prisoners' flesh. But if our humanity is revolted by the idea of forcible repatriation, it should be still more shocked by the prospect of more mass butchery of civilians as well as soldiers in Korea, which a full-scale renewal of hostilities would involve. We should be wise, therefore, to admit to ourselves that the American determination to disregard the Geneva Convention in the interest of humanity, just as much as Russian adherence to it, arises from motives more powerful than the arguments propounded at Lake Success. The fact is that a war can only end by negotiation if both sides are willing to cut their losses and forgo the victory which alone could justify them. In Korea, this is not the case. From Moscow's, if not from Peking's point of view, a war which locks up half the American Army on a remote peninsula, and also convinces millions of Asians of America's brutal imperialism, need not be ended in a way and at a time which suits the convenience of the U.S. Indeed, the Korean war, taken in conjunction with the Indo-Chinese campaign, is bringing political and strategic advantages to the Russians, and increasing friction between America and her allies.

The motives which prompted the U.S. to oppose the Indian plan (at least until Mr. Vyshinsky had turned it down) are very different, but just as powerful. Both Mr. Truman and Mr. Eisenhower are convinced that the only language which Communists understand is force. A war between two civilised States, they believe, can sometimes end in an honourable draw, with both sides abiding by the compromise settlement; but to forgo victory in Korea—that is, the reconquest of the whole country up to the Yalu and its unification under a South Korean regime—would be to accept defeat for the U.S., if not for the U.N. If, they argue, a North Korean regime were permitted to survive the end of hostilities, and the withdrawal of U.N. troops, it would soon absorb the whole peninsula into the Eastern sphere.

This American calculation begs one vital question—the possibility of recognition of Communist China by the U.S., followed by a general peace settlement in the Pacific. On such terms, war in Korea might be ended without the risk which Washington foresees. Failing general peace with Peking, it is probably true that Korea can only be held as a Western bridgehead on the Asiatic mainland by forcible occupation, just as Northern Indo-China can only be "liberated" from Viet Minh by total reconquest. Yet this can only be achieved at the risk of spreading the war until it engulfs the whole of the Far East.

The one thing which could prevent Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles from undertaking these campaigns, despite the risks involved, is the knowledge of the

effect they would have on America's European allies. In publicly championing the Indian resolution when the Americans were still opposing it, Mr. Eden showed a most welcome spirit of independence; he was willing to risk a row with Washington in the effort to persuade America of the dangers which a failure of the negotiations must bring. He should not be discouraged by Mr Vyshinsky's emphatic "No." However unpalatable it may be in Washington, Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay should state clearly that, if the U.S. decides to wage these two campaigns to the bitter end, it must conduct them out of its own resources. If this were known, the chances of a negotiated peace in Korea would be increased.

Reprisals in Kenya

How far is the Kenya Government really prepared to go in the new policy of mass reprisals? European force was never likely to make Africans give up their fellow tribesmen to Europeans. The result of making indiscriminate police raids into the reserves is naturally to engender more violence and, in the long run, mass resistance. Of two facts that emerged from the Commons debate on Tuesday, one is that Mau Mau, which at first controlled only a small minority of the Kikuyu, is now dominant in the reserve. The second is that Mr. Lyttelton has no immediate policy except to defend all and any police actions. Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Brockway, both of whom made careful and informed criticism, might well ask what constructive ideas the Government has, apart from repression. Are we to gather from the new policy of deporting large numbers of Africans and confiscating almost the whole of their property—that is to say, their cattle and bicycles—that the Government hopes to solve the problem of the future relations of settlers and Kikuyu by deporting the Kikuyu and replacing them by other tribesmen who, for the time at least, will be more docile?

Prague Purge

The Czech sabotage trial, though it follows the standard pattern of political justice in the People's Democracies, is of unusual interest. In the first place, Czechoslovakia was the only country in the Eastern Bloc which possessed a deeply rooted democratic way of life, including full civil liberties and an independent judiciary. A "Moscow trial" in Moscow, or even in Sofia, is in accordance with pre-Communist national tradition. In Prague it is a violation of it. Moreover, this particular trial is unusually fantastic even by Russian standards. Some of the defendants—chief among them Clementis, who succeeded Jan Masaryk at the Foreign Office—are well-known "Westerners," or national Communists. Clementis, for instance, had opposed the Stalin-Hitler Pact and spent the war in London. Along with Otto Sling, he was arrested by Rudolf Slansky, then Secretary of the Communist Party and, next to Gottwald, the most powerful man in Czechoslovakia. But a few months later Slansky himself was arrested, together with Otto Katz and a number of other Communists, chiefly of German-Jewish origin, who, so far from being nationalists or Westernisers, were notoriously identified with the Russian *Apparat*. Now these two groups of defendants—with an Israeli politician from the Mapam Party—are being tried *together* on the single charge of Titoist collaboration with Western conspirators, including the American Zionist organisation and Mr. Zilliacus, who appears as the chief agent of British capitalism. By putting Sling and Clementis incongruously in the dock alongside Slansky and Katz, President Gottwald has done something of which Stalin himself would be proud. With one blow he has liquidated the two bitterly opposed factions which threatened his position.

The End of Unesco

The resignation of Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet, the Mexican Director-General, raises the whole issue of the future of Unesco: it exposes the cynicism with which the "paymaster" nations now regard that organisation. It was precipitated by the insistence of the British that Bodet's budget should be drastically cut, by the withdrawal of the French offer of a site for the new headquarter's building, and by the admission of Franco Spain, at the whip-crack of the Atlantic Powers. (It was this which produced the resignation from the Executive Board of Ribnikar, the Yugoslav member.) Bodet is a man of courage and character: he refused to accept the humiliation of seeing the programme which he had put forward for the next two years axed by the British Treasury at the behest of the Beaverbrook Press. The cuts had little to do with the merits or demerits of what he had proposed. (The projects themselves are what the delegates are supposed to be discussing for the next three weeks.) The British delegation, supported by the Dominions and by the U.S., simply served notice that they were imposing a "ceiling" which meant a loss of £880,000. Whatever the faults of Unesco, its services meant much to the "have-not" nations. The savings, spread over the 60 member States, represent, as Bodet pointed out, a handful of matches per head.

Saar Elections

Whatever the results of next Sunday's elections in the Saar, they are certain to make relations between France and Western Germany even more tense. The Germans complain—with justice—that the numerically large pro-German opposition in the Saar is still denied the elementary democratic right of forming political parties and putting up candidates. For this reason, even the most francophil Saarlanders find it difficult to maintain that the election is in any sense a genuine test of public opinion. The Saar Government does not want such a test because it would be swept out of office The French fear it because of its possible repercussions on the Saar's economic union with France, which they consider vital. Only the Germans insist on it from a complicated mixture of motives in which national sentiments, economic interests and democratic principles all play their part.

Five years ago, when the present Saar Constitution came into force, few Saarlanders showed any concern over its preamble which stipulated the Saar's separation from Germany and her economic union with France. At that time economic conditions in Germany were still chaotic, and the union with France seemed to offer many tangible advantages—well-stocked shops and no dismantling of plants. All that has changed. Western Germany made a spectacular recovery and established a stable currency, while in France inflation persisted and one price increase followed another. Saarlanders complain, moreover, that their steelworks and coal mines, which are now under French control, have been badly neglected compared with the mines and steelworks in France proper. This is a complaint voiced especially by the mineworkers and their principal spokesman, Paul Kutsch, who was only last week deposed from his office as the (elected) chairman of the United Trades Unions because of his pro-German agitation. There can be little doubt that the Saarlanders have very real grievances. Many Germans, unfortunately, not content with airing them, tend to inflate them grossly and to exploit them for an increasingly nationalistic propaganda. The French are certainly not alone in feeling that many of the recent German utterances are painfully reminiscent of the *Heim ins Reich* campaign in 1935.

Troubled Waters

On the British side, none of the parties to the Icelandic fish dispute emerge with particular credit. The validity of the action taken by the Icelandic Government in extending Iceland's territorial waters to four miles from a line drawn between coastal headlands is, of course, disputable. The British fishing interests contend that this is an act of unfair discrimination against them; the Icelanders reply that Norway was allowed by The Hague Court to do the same, and that the temporary ban on trawling within the new limits has been imposed simply to prevent over-fishing, and in any case applies to Icelandic as well as British trawlers. In these circumstances the right course for the British Government was surely, as a matter of urgency, to refer the dispute to the International Court, instead of sitting back and allowing the British trawler owners and their profit-sharing officers to apply pressure by direct action.

The "stay-in-port" strike staged by the Trawler Officers' Guild, in concert with the Trawler Owners' Federation, appears to us to have been of questionable legality. By refusing to put to sea unless a boycott were imposed on landings of Icelandic fish—a move which had no support from the T. and G.W. Union in which dockers and trawler crews are organised—they were putting the screw either on the Government or on the public and the merchants who buy landed fish. In the event, it was the merchants who gave in. The port wholesalers have undertaken on no account to buy landings of fresh fish from Icelandic trawlers. The Icelanders may thus be coerced into confining their fresh landings to Germany, and salting the rest of their catches for dispatch to the American market. On the other hand, Iceland needs sterling, and there is talk of the Icelandic trawlers trying to defeat the boycott by selling direct to inland merchants in this country. If this happens, can the Government tolerate a renewal of the trawler officers' strike? Even as it is, British consumers can ill-afford to do without the Icelandic-caught cod which is normally landed here and amounts to nearly ten per cent. of total supplies in winter months. That consumers should be completely deprived of fish by renewed strike action in a private quarrel between two national sets of fishing interests would be altogether unreasonable.

WESTMINSTER

The Guillotine Again

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Government is now reaping the harvest of tares its tactical incompetence sowed during the last Session. Following the usual practice of a newly returned Government, it placed in the shop window on its assumption of office its most popular range of party products. The King's Speech a year ago announced the denationalisation of steel and transport and the revision of the Monopolies Act as major Bills for the Session. None of them was reached; and, even so, the Session ended late. Now the Government has dropped monopolies, but intends to force through the two denationalisation measures in the current Session, which may prove an exceptionally short one. Already late in starting, the Parliamentary year contains the Coronation (wrapped in its traditional month of circumambient charm), when Parliament is expected to be "non-controversial," and a Finance Bill, which may turn out to be long and complex. Furthermore, Mr. Churchill must certainly have in mind the possibility of appealing to the country in the later part of 1953 for a more decisive mandate. In order not to deprive himself of the necessary power of manœuvre in this direction, he must reckon on being able to complete the business of this Session by the summer recess—not later than about the second week of August. Allowing for some shortening and rearrangement of the Easter and Whitsun recesses, the present Session may, therefore, be effectively shorter than the normal by at least a month of Parliamentary time; and, in such an evenly balanced House of Commons, it is a tall order to attempt two highly complicated denationalisation measures in such a short time.

This is the principal explanation of the Government's decision to introduce an immediate guillotine curtailing discussion on the Committee stage of the Transport Bill. No doubt Mr. Crookshank hopes to be able to do the same with the Steel Bill, which secured its second reading this week. But the protest against the curtailment of discussion on transport has been widespread and authoritative. Some of Mr. Morrison's pious horror can be discounted. After all, every Government, including the last, faces the problem of securing its business in the face of an intractible Opposition, and every Opposition seeks to exploit the difficulty. Still, there are certain rules within which Parliament holds that the game ought to be played. The first is that the guillotine should not be introduced until the Government of the day can demonstrate that the Opposition is obstructing. Mr. Crookshank has made no attempt to do this—indeed, until the Bill goes into Committee, he cannot. His argument that Labour did something similar in rather different circumstances over steel nationalisation is not quite relevant, while his extrapolation of the Opposition's profession of "out and out opposition to the Bill" is derisory and fully deserving of Mr. Morrison's scorn. The real criticism, however, is the belief, found on both sides of the House, that the whole situation has been created by Mr. Crookshank's own avoidable failure to get his business during the last Session; and that the use of the guillotine now is not related to any specific Opposition intentions on the Transport Bill, but merely to the fact that Ministers desire the passage of the two Bills and have not left reasonable time in which to secure it.

It is also to be noted that the Government is much embarrassed by opposition to some sections of both Bills on its own back benches. To an outsider, this might seem good reason for unusually full discussion. To the Government, it may seem that a guillotine, which may understandably provoke the Opposition to waste time, is the best method of crowding out its own "awkward squad." That would be a new motive for the guillotine, and a highly undesirable one.

WASHINGTON

Eisenhower's Team

Our Washington Correspondent writes: The men designated for places in the Eisenhower Cabinet are to be described only by superlatives. John Foster Dulles (State) is the highest paid attorney in the world. George Humphrey (Treasury) is the head of America's largest soft coal firm (as well as the head of the Mark A. Hanna Corporation, founded by the *éminence grise* behind President McKinley). Charles E. Wilson (Defence) is president of General Motors—the largest manufacturing empire in existence. Herbert Brownell (Attorney-General) is the smoothest political strategist. Harold Stassen (Mutual Security) is the most ambitious politician in the American firmament.

If there is any sort of pattern to be descried from those named so far, it is essentially a confirmation of the General's enormous respect for success in business, though, as usual, political debts had to be paid. Stassen, who managed to make a career of unsuccessfully running for the Presidential nomination, succeeded in switching the votes of Minnesota at the Republican National Convention in the very last moment of the first ballot, and thus took credit for having engineered the Eisenhower victory without a second count. Wilson is said to be responsible for diverting his leading salesman, Arthur Summerfield, chairman of the Republican National Committee, away from Taft at a time when Michigan's Convention votes were critical. Humphrey is a straight concession to Taft. He was offered the job after Senator Byrd of Virginia, the nominal Democrat, who nearly always votes with the Republicans and abstained from supporting Stevenson, turned it down. Brownell, a New York lawyer, was the master mind who mobilised the Governor's Conference in support of Eisenhower against Taft on the issue of "Fair Play" about the "stolen" Texas delegates. He was Republican National Chairman in 1944, and Dewey's campaign manager in 1948. Dewey himself refused office because he will need to gather some private enterprise dollars after a long period on the public payroll.

In other words, General Eisenhower has appointed wealthy men from most sections of the Republican party, and has paid off the political debts contracted on his behalf. He has given something to each faction except the extreme Isolationist and/or McCarthy wing. He has also tipped his hat to bifactionalism, as opposed to bipartisanship, in appointing Dulles to be Secretary of State. Dulles must surely be the only man in American history who made a career of running for the Secretaryship of State rather than for the Presidency. He has always regarded the post as belonging to him by Divine Right. And he succeeded in currying favour with all brands of Republicans up to the time of the National Convention in the hope that the eventual winner would produce the so ardently desired reward.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Christmas Books—II

It has been the habit of almost all Republicans, quite apart from the McCarthy partisans, to snipe at the State Department and all its works, and the habit may well continue despite Mr. Dulles's presence. He has begun by rather ostentatiously asking the F.B.I. to investigate his record and report on it to the General. He starts with one qualification never enjoyed by Mr. Acheson. He is widely regarded as being anti-British. Whether his record was built with this purpose consciously in mind (and it may well have been, for he is a far-seeing man) or whether it just grew out of his natural talent for a devious approach is beside the point. At this stage of his career it matters little that other countries are suspicious of his views on "liberation" or apprehensively mindful of the ethics of his pressure on the Japanese to recognise Chiang when he was assuring Mr. Eden that no such pressure was being applied. In time, the uncomfortable demands of the State Department will no doubt result in Mr. Dulles being charged with being a tool of Downing Street or the Quai d'Orsay. At present he basks in the sunshine of xenophobic approval.

Dulles's grand passion is ancestor worship. The diplomatic memoirs of his grandfather John Foster (who was Secretary of State during Harrison's Administration) are reputed to be his favourite reading matter after the Bible. John Foster was later renowned for his work, on behalf of the Chinese, at the Shimonoseki Peace Conference of 1895. It was there that they gave up Formosa and their hegemony over Korea. There are grounds for thinking that the grandson would like to repeat the performance with the Chinese People's Republic.

BONN

Liberal Divisions

A Correspondent writes: German "liberals" have been marching this month in different directions. Last week-end, the Congress of the Free Democratic party ended in a triumph for the Right Wing: the new Executive will have a solid majority in support of Dr. Middelhauve, who becomes joint vice-Chairman and will thus be able to pursue effectively his policy of creating a "national" Centre party capable of assimilating ex-Nationalists and ex-Nazis alike. Already the party has co-opted such a notable Free Democrat as Putzi Hanfstängel, once press officer to Hitler; and some of Dr. Middelhauve's supporters say they see no objection to the inclusion of Herr Fritsche, one of Goebbel's chief broadcasters.

At the other end of the "liberal" spectrum, Dr. Heinemann is launching this week-end his new party, the *Gesamtdeutsche Volkspartei*, with the support of Frau Wessel, formerly leader of the Federalist Union in the Bundestag, and Herr Bodensteiner, once a Christo-Democrat member of Dr. Adenauer's Cabinet. In foreign policy, the chief characteristic of the new party will be opposition to remilitarisation and "Western integration." In this respect, it will be a natural ally of the S.P.D.; but, though it wants East-West trade, it will be careful, like the Socialists, to avoid any course which could be criticised as pro-Communist. Neutralist? Frau Wessel declares that she dislikes this label, since it implies a merely passive attitude. As for domestic policy, the new party will champion social security and democratic rights, including reintroduction of the referendum provisions of the Weimar Constitution. There is no doubt about the enthusiasm of the new party's leaders, but political observers here are sceptical whether it will exercise any very decisive influence in next summer's election campaign.

Britain's Homes

FOR any period that we can foresee, housing will remain one of our most serious social problems. Even if new construction is maintained at the average rate of the last four years, does anyone really believe that in the next two decades we can wipe out the slums, eliminate all overcrowding and, at the same time, satisfy the inevitable need for replacement of ageing properties? We are, indeed, moving into a phase in which replacement will become increasingly important, for much of our national stock of houses was the product of the building boom in the second half of the last century, and it must either be replaced, patched up, or allowed to slide rapidly into the dereliction which will produce new slums. Merely to keep abreast of the march of obsolescence will require an immense effort; to overtake it, we shall need to tackle the problem of Britain's homes as a national emergency. How serious the problem is becoming, was shown in three recent articles in this journal, in which we purposely focussed attention on its more dramatic features.

Since the war, faced with the urgent demand for houses anywhere and everywhere, we have tried to meet it piecemeal, allowing local authorities to build as much and as quickly as their resources and the economic situation permitted. Some have done better than others; but it has not always been the authorities with the worst problems who have done best. On the contrary, it is the really bad areas, such as the central districts of the large cities—already over-built—that have been the most difficult to tackle, and whose inhabitants have had little more chance of reaching the top of the housing lists than of winning a football pool.

Every local authority, of course, has been under strong pressure to do as much as it could. But this has meant that no special priority could be given to the black spots. We have continued, for instance, to give Scotland proportionately the same housing allocation as the country as a whole—a hangover of the old Goschen Formula, which distributed Treasury grants on a *per capita* basis. Such a policy, however, completely ignores the facts that Scottish housing conditions are far below the national average, that the percentage of slums and overcrowding is far greater than anywhere else in Britain, and that even a conservative estimate puts Scotland's most urgent needs at nearly twice the number of new dwellings scheduled for the whole of the County of London (comparable in population to Scotland) in the next twenty years.

The first essential, therefore, is to draw up a plan of priorities, so that our limited resources may be used where the need is greatest. This means that certain slum areas, especially in Glasgow, Liverpool and London, must be scheduled for special treatment, just as Development Areas have been designated where lack of industrial balance holds the threat of chronic unemployment. Secondly, much more attention must be paid to arresting dereliction and to reclaiming large—and indispensable—districts which are not yet slums, but may rapidly become so. Thirdly, new construction will have to be concentrated upon the most socially necessary projects, even though this means drastic restrictions upon luxury and "middle-class" building. If we are to resume capital investment, not merely in new industrial plant, but also in the schools, hospitals and other community buildings we badly need, there will only be a limited amount of labour and materials to spare for new housing developments. These should unquestionably be devoted first to redeveloping slum areas and to those large projects, such as the New Towns, which strike directly at housing problems in and around the larger cities.

A programme of this kind is not likely to be electorally popular, but it is the only one that will make sense in our present circumstances. It is, moreover, a programme that can only be applied by much stricter central control and planning. It must also be accompanied by an entirely fresh approach to property that is near the point of decay. Though it is possible to work out ingenious schemes whereby rent increases may be devoted entirely to paying for repairs, such increases are unlikely to be large enough to cover the cost of repairs, modernisation and conversion of the houses that most urgently need attention. Conversely, any general increase in permitted rents would merely mean windfall profits for many landlords who are still receiving a reasonable return on their investment and are still able to afford proper maintenance.

If this problem is looked at from the point of equity to property-owners, we shall never find a solution that landlords and tenants alike will accept as equitable; both political parties are too well aware that tenants are a larger part of the electorate than landlords. The starting point must be the physical preservation and improvement of the national housing capital. It seems probable that this can only be done by a considerable extension of social ownership, whereby whole streets and even districts may be treated as a unit, repaired, modernised—and even subsidised—as if they were part of a new municipal housing scheme. Once we begin to move in this direction, we will find that we have removed at least some of the obstacles to that standardisation of rents of equivalent accommodation without which our housing pattern will remain chaotic, our mobility of labour restricted, and millions of people subjected to unecessary and irritating anomalies. No one can pretend that any of these things will be easy to plan or to accomplish; but, equally, no one can argue that there is any long-term solution to the problem of Britain's homes that does not make drastic changes in the existing system of ownership and construction priorities.

Commonwealth Ostriches

THE Commonwealth Ministers, after immense preparations at the official level, have just begun their meetings for the discussion of the economic problems which face the sterling area. The facts which confront them are exceedingly unpleasant; and it is well on the cards that they will either fail to decide anything or take decisions which will make matters worse instead of better. The preliminary consultations, as far as information about them has leaked out, furnish no indication that the Governments concerned are approaching the problem with anything of a common mind.

They are so placed that it would be a miracle if they were unanimous. One of them—Canada—is tied firmly to the United States, has its currency linked to the dollar, and is by far the biggest recipient of United States foreign investment, not merely in the Commonwealth, but in the world. A second—Australia—has been letting its agricultural production fall behind and has been conducting a costly programme of rapid industrialisation which involves a heavy dollar deficit. A third—India—has been drawing rapidly on its sterling balances built up during the war, but even so has had to slow down its development programme in order to buy food imports made necessary by falling production as well as by rapidly increasing population. A fourth—South Africa—has been hit by the fall in the relative value of gold, and would like most of all to see the Americans paying a much higher price for more gold, which they do not need. A fifth—Great Britain—has been hard hit both by changes in its terms of trade—that is, by changes in the relative prices of foodstuffs and materials on the one hand and manufactured goods on the other—and also, more recently, by the re-entry of Germany and Japan into the market at a time when one country after another has been forced to restrict its imports by the lack of means of paying for them. Other countries—whose voice will be heard only as far as the British Government is prepared to act as their spokesman—will have cause to point out how anomalous is a state of affairs in which Great Britain, instead of exporting capital to its colonial territories, actually borrows money from them in order to help meet its own external deficit.

The list of divergent points of view could easily be prolonged; but enough has been said to indicate the extreme difficulty of arriving at an agreed policy. The difficulty is, of course, at bottom more political than economic; for, in order even to begin looking for a common solution, the Governments concerned will have to start by admitting a number of unpleasant facts. The British Government, for example, would have to begin by admitting, not only that the standard of life in this country cannot be sustained at its present level without American bounty, but also that it is being kept up, even now, by drawing on funds that ought to be devoted to capital investment both at home and in the development of colonial areas. The Australians would have to agree that their entire policy of recent years, in shifting over from agriculture to industry, has been a disastrous mistake. The Canadians would have to recognise that their taking sides with the United States in favour of currency convertibility and the abolition of trade discrimination would involve, were their views accepted, the ruin of the British economy and, in all probability, a world crisis leading to much more discrimination and to complete breakdown of monetary systems. The South Africans and others would have to admit that there is no sound reason why anyone should pay them more for producing gold which would then have to be promptly sterilised in order to prevent inflation. It seems, however, improbable that any of these things will be admitted by those who ought to admit them, and accordingly not at all likely that any realistic solution will emerge

from the Conference—even apart from the fact that any set of proposals that is worked out will have to run the gauntlet of a most unfavourable political conjuncture in the United States.

The plain facts are, or rather include, the following. First, the Commonwealth, including Great Britain, needs to grow much more food, even though doing this will tend to check the tendency for the *world* prices of foodstuffs to rise faster than other prices. This means slowing down industrialisation and diverting capital investment to agricultural development. Secondly, Great Britain, in addition to investing heavily in agriculture, needs both to modernise its industrial equipment much faster than it has been doing and to bring about a larger shift of manpower and capital resources to making those goods for which there is an expanding world market within its reach—above all, capital equipment related to the needs of agricultural and transport development. This involves, for some time to come, a fall in the supplies of consumers' goods, both home-produced and imported; for evidently we cannot look to the Americans to subsidise our standards of living while we are making the change. Thirdly, the colonial areas have a right to expect, not only that we cease using their money to pay for our own imports, but, further, that we send them the goods they need—rather than those we prefer to sell them—for raising their standards of living by measures of economic development which do not exploit their labour.

Of course, the Commonwealth problem is only part of a much wider problem. Other countries, too, have been living on American bounty—France, Italy, Greece, Germany, Japan, to mention only the most obvious examples—and these countries, too, have their problems to face now that the stream of American money is likely to dry up, or at the least to be continued only at a rapidly diminishing rate under more and more stringent conditions. But for the moment the question is what the Commonwealth Governments, including our own, are to do. The worst thing they could do would be to go to the U.S. Government with a request for a huge stabilisation loan to enable them to go on in most respects as before, but subject to the conditions of giving up trade discrimination and accepting the obligation to make sterling freely convertible into gold or dollars. The only possible—politically possible—outcome of such a request would be the granting of a loan too small to last for more than a little time, and the outbreak of a worse crisis than ever when the money had been used up. Even in the most improbable event of a very large loan being made, this outcome would be only postponed, and the consequences made worse; for a loan is less than no cure for a situation of continuing disequilibrium in current payments. There can be no cure that does not include a re-establishment of the balance of payments between the sterling and dollar areas; and this is clearly out of the question without a drastic further curtailment of sterling area purchases that have to be paid for in dollars or gold.

There is, of course, one simple and devastating method of bringing this result about. It is to stop controlling the sterling-dollar exchange and to allow the value of sterling to fall to a point at which hardly anyone can afford to buy dollar goods. But this remedy, whatever its final effects might be, would mean, at any rate for Great Britain, mass unemployment for want of materials to work on, and also mass starvation for want of food. Yet it is not far off what may actually occur before long if no other solution is found. Theoretically, there is a second, much less catastrophic solution—huge American long-term investment in the sterling area coupled with a great increase in American sterling imports. But there is not the smallest sign that the Americans are likely to adopt either part of it.

What remains? Drastic rationing of sterling countries' dollar purchases, to be partly, but only in part, offset by increased British exports of capital goods. This means less armaments, less consumer goods for the home market, and also the danger of further deterioration in the British economy through the diversion to export of capital goods that are badly needed at home—at any rate until the capacity to produce such goods has been greatly expanded at the immediate expense of consumers' supplies. It means, in effect, a tightening of British belts only less extreme than the tightening of Russian belts in the earlier phases of the Revolution. Even so, we should be prepared to face it; but will the Dominions? Will Australia agree to be restrained to an extent that involves an entire reversal of its post-war policy? Will India agree to have its hopes of capital development yet further scaled down? Will Canada accept without retaliation a further narrowing of the British market? Even if Great Britain is driven to face facts, will Dominions which are immediately under less severe pressure agree to their being faced?

The answer, for the present, is almost certainly "No" for everyone, or at least too qualified a "Yes" to go far towards achieving the required result. It is much more probable that this Commonwealth will wait till American aid has actually ceased before facing hard facts, or will accept, in order to get aid, American conditions which make the long-run prospects very much worse. We say this, not out of love for discrimination or inconvertible currencies or other restrictive policies, but simply because all the indications go to show that it is the truth. The steps needed to restore equilibrium, even at a low level, would probably break up the sterling area and tend to a *sauve qui peut* by its members.

What, then, can we do with such co-operation from the Commonwealth countries as we are likely to get? Be as sticky as we dare—a great deal stickier than we have been—about drawings on the sterling-dollar pool—except by the Colonies; and tighten our own belts to the limit we can induce people to endure as long as they have any choice at all. Such a policy involves high political courage. For the Labour Party it means giving up the pretence that the standard of living can be maintained intact, and accordingly ceasing to blame the Conservatives for it when a fall occurs. But such a line is evidently impracticable politically unless it is combined with a massive attack on the spending of the well-to-do—whether it is financed out of income or capital, or expense accounts. There can be no room for luxury of any sort, when the standards of the poor are being cut. Therefore, for the Labour Party, it is a sheer necessity to advocate the higher taxation of the upper and middle classes—and of workers with middle-class incomes—the stoppage of luxury production, except for export, and the drastic shifting of materials and man-power so as to adapt the British economy both to higher food production and more economical use of imported materials and to expansion of export capacity in those fields which offer the best long-run prospects of rising world demand. Such a Labour programme is infinitely more relevant to the long-run welfare of the British workers than more nationalisation or more social services. It would be denounced in many quarters as a betrayal; but is it not much more a betrayal to go on pretending that it is even remotely possible to continue for long as we are, or to speak of "consolidation" when that precious word is used only to cover the lack of any policy at all?

Report on Kenya

I. The Settlers' Case

The current comparison between the situation in Kenya and the war in Malaya is merely foolish. The Kikuyu have no arms, except long knives with which they cut grass, food and, only occasionally, their neighbours' throats. There is no Communist hinterland to serve as a base or source of supply. In the mountain area where some are said to have fled for safety, there is nothing to eat, and no hiding place from which they could not be driven in a few days. In fact there can be no *war* in Kenya. Until this week I have not heard of a single case of African resistance to arrest or manhandling.

The only resemblance between Kenya and Malaya is that in both countries there are European settlers. One must emphasise the difference between what are called "White Man's countries," because European immigrants have acquired land and made homes there, and territories such as Uganda, Tanganyika, or the Gold Coast, where Europeans are only administrators, technicians, engineers or something of that kind. In Kenya one sometimes hears people talk of the "native problem." That is to put the matter the wrong way round. The real problem is what is to be done with rather less than 3,000 settlers who own a proportion, variously estimated at a third or a half of all the good land of Kenya, and who now hope to perpetuate a no longer tenable feudal relationship with their African labourers. They will tell you, in all sincerity, that they "love the African" as long as he "knows his place," and that it is wicked to spoil him by education or putting ideas in his head.

There are, let me be clear, liberal-minded settlers, especially among the younger men. Not many would say to me today, as a Kenya settler did some years ago, that Kenya needed "a modified form of slavery," but you may still hear men and women of this type discussing whether it is desirable for European women to flog Africans on their farms. They will tell you that in the old days they used to manage impertinent or dishonest Africans by giving them a choice of handing them over to a district official, or giving them a whipping on the spot. The Africans, they say, always preferred "ten of the best"; they are children and understand that kind of punishment. I am here only quoting instances of conversations which have come my way, but such conversations and others even more provocative are freely to be heard in European clubs where it is conventional to assume that the impassive African servants understand English as little as the British understand Kikuyu. All this is a strange hang-over from a period when a paternal and feudal relationship between settler and African was still possible. It is idle to-day to argue whether this relationship was ever good. It is scarcely relevant in the days of Nehru, Malan and Nkrumah.

I recall going to a farm belonging to an old friend who was entertaining a neighbour and his wife. Before we had been introduced, she started to shout at me: "We settlers will never leave the Highlands; we built this country and we intend to stay here." The lady protested too much; no one outside the Mau Mau had made any such suggestion. She was afraid, and so was her husband, who gave a reassuring pat to a large revolver at his belt. They have cause to be afraid. The total number of Whites in Kenya is a little over 40,000, the majority of whom are probably engaged in the developing commerce and industry of Nairobi. The handful of settlers lives in some of the most beautiful country in the world. Perhaps for Freudian reasons, they do not

remember the great controversy of the 'twenties when Norman Leys and MacGregor Ross produced their indictments of the methods of land appropriation and transport development in Kenya. They assert with obvious sincerity that the Europeans have not taken any land from the Africans. This astonishing statement is based on the fact that a large part of the present Highlands was not cultivated when the British came: it was merely uneconomically grazed over by the herds of the Masai. They have quite forgotten promises made to the tribesmen and broken; they do not recall the land guaranteed by the Colonial Office "for ever," or African protests when offered inadequate compensation. But they are acutely aware of their isolation and the peril in which they live.

I called on one liberal-minded settler whose farm, it seemed to me, was an enchanted garden out of the Arabian Nights. His land was watered as well as it would be in England. There was always sunshine; not the hard cruel sun of Southern India, but the delicious, partly clouded, sun of a rare and perfect English summer day. All the flowers of an English cottage garden bloomed all the year round, amidst whatever exotic and tropical plants and flowering trees my friend wished to plant. I could only think of one rare fruit that did not grow within a stone's throw of his house. He pointed to two piles of coffee which had been crowded off the long lines of drying trays. "I must look after these," he said, "they are worth £1,600 each." "In that case," I said, "whatever does your coffee crop amount to this year?". "£60,000," he said, and when I asked what he would do if there was a slump in the price, he said he would not care very much. Even allowing for income tax, a very few such good years would pay off the £100,000 which his farm had cost him. He was exceptional, of course, as he had not been in the country long. Other farmers, also now rejoicing in coffee at more than £400 a ton, recall days not so long ago when it was scarcely worth picking at £30 or £40 a ton. Some came out as young men after the first world war with gratuities but little capital; they cleared the scrub and created their farms by their own work and can recall hard times. They intend, they insist, to pass on this earthly paradise to their children. But they are afraid, for the squatters who till their land are mostly Kikuyu, and surrounding them are the vast, dry, decreasingly fertile reserves in which, in terrible congestion, live the tribe on whose labour they depend.

Many men cease to think at all when their families or their property are threatened. "Hit the Kukes hard," they say, "and they will lie down again and do as they are told." But the more thoughtful among them put their case like this: If the Africans are allowed to read and listen to agitators who talk hot air about democracy and the rest of it, they are bound to be envious of our land, and to plan to push us off it. We must not tolerate this trend. It is dangerous "liberalism"; sooner or later, if once concessions are made to the Africans, we shall go the way of West Africa. We don't like brutality, but we have got to keep them always in fear of us. They must know that we have a bigger magic than theirs. It might even be a good idea to drop a bomb or two in the reserves so that they would lose any silly ideas of becoming our equals. *They must be more frightened of us than of Mau Mau.* The only policy, whatever English Fabians and idealistic liberals say, is to hit these people so hard that they will learn their lesson. They will be bitter and resentful for a bit, but they will get over it and treat us with a proper respect afterwards. It will be our business, for their sakes as well as for ours, to see that we don't allow any more of them to get educated. Though we have no evidence to go on, we suspect that the Kikuyu this time have been corrupted by Communists coming from over the Abyssinian frontier, or by Indians living in the country. We must have "closer union" in East Africa, rule the country ourselves without this nonsense of control from the Colonial Office, link up with the central African Federation, and so belong to one White State from Nairobi to Cape Town.

Few people put the matter so bluntly as that, though I have heard all these things said during my recent visit to Kenya. The proportion of settlers who think like this is hard to determine. I know hard-working settlers who regard such a policy with loathing and realise that, even if it could succeed, it would condemn them to a life of perpetual fear in which they must always, as today, have a gun within reach, in which they could never go away for the night without an ugly fear for the safety of their wives and children. One such young settler, whose opinions I should say were about those of *The Times*, was wildly accused of "Communism" at the last European elections for the Legislative Council. Michael Blundell, leader of the elected European representatives for the Council, is a man of far more liberal mind than his predecessor. If his sentiments seem to waver between those he expressed in a letter to this journal on November 1, and the surprisingly Waldron-Smithers tone adopted in his speech about Fenner Brockway, the explanation is, no doubt, that he leads a team of fourteen settlers, of whom at least eight are at times prepared to advocate comparatively liberal views, but who, on other occasions, can only be restrained from physical violence against people like Fenner Brockway if their spokesman appeases them with ferocious words. In short, Mr. Blundell, with whom I had a long and most friendly conversation, well represents the more liberal settler's position. He is a politician much influenced by the flow of public opinion. But it is well known that he was on good terms with Fenner Brockway and Leslie Hale before they left the country, and that he is a man who would like to collaborate in an enlightened policy, always provided that he can carry with him the majority of his difficult team.

For the moment the prospect is grim. The Mau Mau murders have played into the hands of the most extreme group of settlers. They no longer tell you that Mau Mau is a small minority whose suppression will be welcomed by the rest of the Kikuyu. They are divided only into two schools; the "bash 'em" and "bash 'em, but what afterwards?" schools. The wiser amongst them are asking whether, if they had not maintained so fierce a colour bar (it remains fierce in spite of some recent breaches in Nairobi); if Africans like Peter Koanange and Jomo Kenyatta had been given jobs of responsibility and paid at market rates when they returned, fully educated and qualified men, to their native country; if White people had been sufficiently interested in the Kikuyu to learn their language, to listen to their undoubted grievances and to start on a programme of reform—if, in fact, a progressive policy had been adopted, then there would be something now on which to build in the future. For in the long run it is impossible for a few thousand Europeans to hold a position of absolute power and privilege amongst five million Africans who cannot, after all, in the days of wireless, be kept totally ignorant of the progress of events outside. There must be some relation between the settlers and the Kikuyu except that of hate and fear. I must leave it to further articles to discuss the African point of view, the meaning of Mau Mau murders and the possibilities of a better future for Kenya.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

WHEN I reached London Airport it was winter, the cold, raw, wet foggy, horrid winter which always makes me wonder why people ever thought this country fit for human settlement. I had scarcely read an English newspaper for a fortnight. Clearly a lot was happening. There was still, of course, the Bevanite row; the surprise was that Mr. Attlee, whose greatest asset has been a reputation for fair-mindedness and integrity, should have sponsored a scheme for dishing his opponents by changing the rules in the middle of the game. This will do more harm to Labour in the constituencies by destroying faith than could ever have been done by any individual's success or failure in an election to the Parliamentary Executive. More surprises were to follow. Zuleika Dobson reappeared at Oxford and, with the exception of a few independent spirits, the members of the Union Society sank without a trace. Then Mr. Eden tacitly rebuked his Labour predecessors by risking a sharp split with America. For a moment it looked as if the supreme object of Russian policy—a division between America and Britain—might be achieved. The breach was immediately healed by Mr. Vyshinsky.

* * *

It was also winter, they said, when I left Khartoum the night before. This meant that the temperature was something over a hundred in the shade, but dry and enjoyable; at night one lay outside on a camp bed and gazed at the Southern stars. In the evening I sat and drank iced coffee, talking with the group of Sudanese leaders whose heads General Neguib knocked together so effectively in Cairo. They now form a single party wanting closer union with Egypt and a quick dismissal of the British. I found myself almost hotly arguing that the British really mean to go out of the Sudan; have we not peaceably withdrawn from seven "British possessions" since the war? Would they not be wise to take Pandit Nehru's advice when he told them not to make India's mistake and push out all the British Civil Servants when they got rid of the Raj? They seemed surprised when I told them that as the country became Sudanised their difficulty would lie, not in driving out interfering British, but in persuading any of them to stay. They admitted that, with the British out, there was danger of Egypt coming in, but they thought this the lesser of two evils. The Umma, or Independence Party, takes exactly the opposite line. They are as much dependent on Britain as the "Unity of the Nile" group are upon the Egyptians. Both parties declare that they will win in the coming elections; both are shouting that the Sudan is for the Sudanese only. The leader whose conversation I found most convincing was Ibrahim Bedri, who heads the Socialist Republicans. Why did his group call themselves Republicans? Because they wanted to make clear their opposition to the Mahdi, whom they think the British have long been grooming for the Sudanese Crown. And "Socialist"? They meant that they did not want all the fine State development schemes to be given back into private hands when the British leave. As for the British themselves, I thought they were quite aware that they would cease before long to be masters of the Sudan, and that some at least of them sincerely fear that after our departure the constructive work which the British have done in recent years might not be efficiently maintained.

* * *

When the French Sûreté arrested Gustave Dominici, apparently convinced that he knows a

lot about the murder of the Drummond family, they charged him with "wilfully neglecting to give assistance to a person in danger of death." He had admitted that he saw Elizabeth Drummond, the little girl, lying injured, but at that time still alive, and that he hurried away. I gathered from legal friends at the time that this kind of thing has never been punishable in England. In the words of Clough's cynical *Latest Decalogue*, "thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive officiously to keep alive." There are some striking instances in Bentham and also in Kenny, who observed: "A man who should callously stand by and watch a child drowning in a shallow pond would arouse universal indignation; but in England, unless he had some special duty to the child, which a father would have but a grandmother would not, he would have committed neither a criminal nor even a civil wrong." Even Mr. Justice Hawkins said, in a famous case in 1880: "If I saw a man, who was not under my charge, taking up a tumbler of poison, I should not become guilty of any crime by not stopping him." But the modern view—that advanced, for example, by the Cambridge Department of Criminal Science—seems to be that "manslaughter by neglect to act" would be committed in all such cases, even in the absence of a special responsibility. M. Dominici, who has got two months' imprisonment, is now reported to be the first such defendant in the whole of French history.

* * *

Someone could compile an amusing collection of the rather acid notes that have passed between the War Office and the City fathers on the subject of marching troops. There are also many gracious little letters, like the one in which the Lord Mayor in March this year told the Second Battalion, Coldstream Guards, that they had been added to the select list of regiments allowed to march through the City of London with bayonets fixed and drums beating. (They did this for the first time, with due ceremony, on Monday evening.) But since the so-called privilege was first granted (by warrant from Charles II to the "Foot Guards" for a recruiting march in 1662) the list has taken in six other regiments and cold-shouldered many more. Time after time "the Lord Mayor assumes that it was by inadvertence" that certain troops, without seeking his permission, thundered through the City of London with colours unfurled. His Lordship can do no more. Troops with an official "route" in this country can march where they will; and whoever may say them nay, no one can stop them—unless they are willing to take part in a little local pageant. The exclusion of the non-favoured regiments seems exactly comparable with the ancient bluff: "Trespassers will be prosecuted." In one letter, full of epithets, the Lord Mayor of 1790 tried to stop the Bank of England picket marching to the Bank in the evenings. The War Office sent him a formal acknowledgment, but the picket still marches nightly.

* * *

The following demonstration of enthusiasm for the King George VI Memorial Fund is taken as it stands from the Local Part I Orders issued by the Colonel Commanding No. 1 Engineer Stores Depot at Long Marston:

> The Commander has directed that subject to the right of individuals to represent to their C.O.'s their reasons for not contributing to the above fund, every officer and soldier of No. 1 E.S.D. actually serving with the Depot on 1st Nov., 1952, will contribute on the following scales:—
>
> O.R.'s up to and including the rank of Cpl. .. .. 6d.
> W.O.'s and Sgts. .. .. .. 1s. 0d.
> Officers up to and including the rank of Capt. .. .. 2s. 6d.
> Officers above the rank of Capt. .. 5s. 0d.
>
> The total amount so collected will be published in due course. Any individual who wishes to contribute more than the scale laid down may do so.

* * *

Europeans living abroad like to collect examples of "native whimsicality." Too seldom, it seems to me, they try to find its explanation. Sometimes, I think, the reason is just language difficulty. In Nairobi, for instance, an Englishman told me of how, after he had had eggs and bacon for breakfast every day for eighteen months, his African cook came to him one morning and said brightly: "What the *bwana* like for breakfast today?" My explanation of this is that the cook had a friend who said that his *bwana* sometimes had scrambled eggs, or even a kidney for a change, and that my friend's cook, lacking sufficient English to say: "It occurs to me, Sir, that you may like a little variety in your breakfast dishes," merely fell back on the simplest form of the question—which is very like me trying to explain a complicated situation to a French railway official. Another incident which demands a different explanation was told to me by a friend in Uganda who was one day approached by an African servant with the request that she should give him an old spectacle case that she had lying about. She asked him why he wanted it, and he said: "If I had a case, I could get some spectacles and then I could learn to read."

CRITIC

TRIAL BY PASSPORT

All liberals now go in fear of their lives
  In totalitarian autocracies,
But liberalism triumphant survives
  In liberty-loving democracies;
Free speech and free thinking have not been suppressed,
Though subjects must pass a political test.

The spread of too-liberal liberal views
  Brings need for some re-definition
Since elements highly subversive abuse
  The free intellectual tradition.
In borderline cases a lead is supplied,
The Government gives an infallible guide.

American liberal suspects are known
  By the loss of their former mobility,
And the Government's timely precaution is shown
  By withdrawing the travel facility.
When U.S. officials a passport refuse,
The applicant's guilty of liberal views.

The States, in a fiercely rebellious mood,
  By freedom's fanatics were founded,
But those who their riotous course have pursued
  Have all had their passports impounded.
The Senate and Congress their freedom applaud,
But liberal citizens can't go abroad.

In Britain the liberal's inflammable race
  Has freedom to carp and to cavil—
Except in the plain fellow-traveller's case,
  The subject's permitted to travel.
But since no State action the rebel retains,
Some public confusion on liberals remains.

Which liberals should Britain trust or suspect?
  There is only one sure indication—
The U.S.S.R. must their visas reject,
  And *also* U.S. Immigration.
True liberalism cannot be in doubt
When *they* won't let in those whom Britain lets out.

So western democracies reign undisturbed
  By the liberals' dangerous minority
Whose masked infiltration is quietly curbed
  By means of the passport authority.
The voice of the home-keeping liberal is heard,
But passport officials still have the last word.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Where else except in Kenya could an African whose grandparents were perhaps cannibals, watch really good polo?—Letter in *Hampshire Chronicle*. (G. Scholfield.)

The vicar said: "Pulloxhill parish council is part of her Majesty's Government and her Majesty's Government cannot be silenced." Men bared their heads and sang the National Anthem after this declaration.—*Daily Telegraph*. (Reg Winter.)

Mrs. Cumella said it was no punishment for anyone to be sent to prison these days as the only thing they lost was their liberty.—*Liverpool Post*. (M. L. Edman.)

The errand boy was stopped by a Ministry inspector who found that a small piece of skin at the bottom of the meat was not completely severed. He contended that this made the meat a joint and not chops.—*News Chronicle*. (E. M. M. Leahy.)

When examined by the Divisional Surgeon, defendant was very abusive and when asked to clench his teeth, he took them out, gave them to the doctor and said "You clench them."—*Woking Herald and News*. (M. Rueff.)

Advertiser has some paintings he wishes to dispose of: some Old Masters, others more cosmopolitan.—Advert. in *The Times*. (J. D. Asplind.)

The Men Who Flew to Dinner

On July 17, 1948, aircraft of the 28th and 307th Bomb Groups of the U.S.A.F. landed at Marham, having flown here as part of the rotational training scheme of the Strategic Air Command. The crews of these aircraft were, in Alexander Woolcott's sense, the men who flew to dinner. As individuals, of course, they have departed long since, despatched to one or another of the chain of bases which are under the direct command of General Curtis LeMay at S.A.C. headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska. But, in the intervening four years, the American Air Force in this country has gone on expanding steadily. To-day, it has its own bases at Sculthorpe, Bentwaters, Shepherds Grove, Lakenheath, Wethersfield and Mildenhall in East Anglia, Manston in Kent, Brize Norton, Fairford, Upper Heyford and Greenham Common in the Oxford area. It has its own large depot at Burtonwood, near Warrington, its transit camp at Shaftesbury and headquarters units at Ruislip and Bushy Park. Some of these bases are used by the 7th Air Division—part of the S.A.C. long-range force—while the others are for the units under General Griswold at Ruislip, whose Third Air Force is part of the European defence pattern.

Such are the bald facts about the American use of this island as a "floating aircraft carrier." The S.A.C. aircraft—the "atom-bombers"—come and go as part of a training scheme; the fighters and light bombers of the Third Air Force, together with the administrative and ground staff on all the airfields, are posted here for a three-year tour, and account for a majority of the 35,000 U.S. servicemen who have once again become part of our national landscape. Many of these men, moreover, have been permitted to bring over their wives and children, who now total more than 14,500. Dependents are brought here passage-free, but they are left to find such accommodation as they can in the vicinity of the airfields, and to build a curious "Anglo-American" community scattered through Oxfordshire, Lancashire and East Anglia, shopping partly in local shops, and

partly in the "super-market" Commisaries provided on the bases, mixing to some degree with their English neighbours, but looking towards the camp and its concentration of Americans for much of their social life, and sending their children to the special American schools on the airfields.

The striking fact about these figures is that they are tiny by comparison with the wartime numbers. At present, the population of "Little America" in Britain is less than 50,000; during the war it totalled more than two millions. Yet its manners and morals seem to be attracting at least as much attention as did the behaviour of the much larger body of men ten years ago. The G.I. "problem," which a responsible American journalist recently described as "serious and spectacular," has been a godsend to the press.

Of course the problem is serious, and it is now so loaded with political and emotional undertones that it is easy to make it seem spectacular. Someone sees a drunk American on Magdalen Bridge —"they're a drunken lot." There is a murder near Mildenhall—no one is surprised when the headlines scream "Police Question G.I.s," and do not even mention that British soldiers have also been interrogated. The lanes round an American base are blocked by Chevrolets, the local pubs are crowded, and the night is noisy with enlisted men shouting and singing their way back to camp—"round here" you are told in one place after another, "they're a new rural pest." So the tales run round the whispering gallery of rumour and gossip, building up into the echoing chant of "Why don't they go home?" To this the Americans reply that they were invited here by Mr. Attlee's Government, that they stay by courtesy of Mr. Churchill's, and that, individually, they would only be too happy to go home.

The trouble, partly, is that a serious political issue and mere xenophobia have become confused. Most of us are at heart uneasy about the presence of American atom-bombers on British airfields, feel that they make our commitment to American strategic intentions too unqualified, and fear swift and devastating retaliation against our industrial centres if a conflict should begin—say, as an extension of the Korean War—without Britain having a reasonable share in the decision to launch it. But this argument is in danger of being diverted from the real issue into mere prejudice against the Americans as individuals—a stupid piece of political symbolism. And a proper understanding of what is at stake is being blocked by the demagogy of certain popular newspapers, which seek readers by denouncing the G.I.s as a tribe of drunken spendthrift lechers, yet blithely accept without question the policies that brought them to Britain.

Such confusion is deepened, indeed, by the two-faced attitude which you find wherever there is much contact with the Americans. I have heard a man politely direct two Americans in a Margate street, walk with them a few paces, and then swear at them under his breath as they walked away. Sitting beside a British airman on a train going to Lancashire, I have listened to him fraternising with a G.I. for two hours, only to have him turn to me as the American left the compartment and say: "I can't stand those —." Such reactions, rarely politically motivated, are part of the price paid for the presence of a "foreign" army in peacetime—something that our villages have not known since the Georges quartered their Hessians upon them. It is bound to lead to some friction, especially when the foreigners concerned are as ebullient, as well-paid, and, in comparative terms, as privileged as the Americans. Whatever the technical or diplomatic reasons for the Visiting Forces Act, which removed American servicemen from the jurisdiction of our courts, provided for their trial by their own courts-martial, and allowed the U.S. authorities to send a man home to serve his sentence in an American prison, there can be no doubt that this arrangement is highly unpopular with the public. The sentences may be as severe as those which would be imposed by a British magistrate or judge, but it is the "extra-territorial right" that causes the resentment, not any failure to deal with offenders. Justice is done, but it is not done in a familiar and obvious fashion.

The clash of cultures lies behind many of the grievances and grumbles that one hears aired so dogmatically. Most of the enlisted men are youngsters not long out of school, whose taste for loud clothes, for the juke-box and jitter-bugging, even for some assertive "manly" drinking, is the emotional luggage they have carried with them on a journey which has interrupted their adolescence for purposes they but dimly comprehend. They are no longer quite civilians; nor are they full-fledged soldiers, tensed up by the immediacies of battle. They are simply young men in uniform, sent here to wait out the frustrating years of the Cold War. Those I met at Brize Norton, for instance, were rather pathetically trying to make a bleak R.A.F. station seem a little like home; at least their officers, and some of the regular or reservist non-coms, have been able to rent houses here and bring their families over.

Some of the social problems that arise are not peculiar to the Americans in this country; I am sure they could be found in the vicinity of any military base in the United States. The arrival of wives and children puts heavy pressure on furnished accommodation; local entertainment facilities, from pubs to cinemas and dance halls, are swamped by a flood of men who have nowhere else to go at nights; prostitutes and good-timers volunteer eagerly as camp-followers to any army, but find American standards of pay and generosity especially attractive. If prostitution, indeed, has become a special problem in towns such as Norwich, Warrington and Oxford, it is due at least as much to the failure of our authorities to control the supply as to American failure to curb the demand. I very much doubt whether the percentage of offences against our criminal and moral codes is any higher among American troops here than among those stationed on bases back in the U.S. or, for that matter, among a comparable group of British or French troops overseas. So far as I can judge, it is the old xenophobic story. The English drunk is easily overlooked; the American inevitably attracts public attention.

It is often argued that the Americans ought to conduct more and better orientation courses for troops posted here for a term of three years. That is good sense. But it misses the real difficulty. Perhaps five men in a hundred are hard cases, misfits, drinkers, delinquents, who will get into trouble whatever precautions are taken or wherever they are. They could be indoctrinated from now until Senator McCarthy becomes a liberal without any useful effect. Yet it is this five per cent.—and perhaps an additional five per cent. for whose idle hours they find attractive mischief—who are the source of most of the trouble and unfavourable publicity.

It may have been an unwise decision to allow dependents to settle over here, where their husbands are serving a three-year tour. But if this has created serious and irritating housing problems, it has undoubtedly and for obvious reasons reduced both prostitution and the heavy drinking that comes from loneliness. And if people living round the bases readily complain that Americans are snapping up all available accommodation, it is only fair to report that speculators regard them as fair game and are making them pay heavily for the privilege. I have recently compiled a dossier of cases of flagrant exploitation, ranging from the tumble-down "furnished" cottage, lacking modern sanitation and electricity, for which a captain and his wife are paying six guineas a week, to the trailer camps where up to twenty-two pounds a month is being paid for a caravan in a mud field, to which must be added about four pounds for site fees and for bottled gas. The Oxford and District Rent Tribunal, I notice, has just ruled that some of these trailers are within its jurisdiction, and has drastically reduced the rents. The day after this was reported in the press, the rush for Tribunal application forms exhausted the office stock.

The more one talks to the Americans concerned, and to the people who live around the bases, the more one realises that it is futile to talk of "solving" such problems. All that can be done is to mitigate them, to deal with them piecemeal, tackling housing frictions in one place, prostitution in another, race relations in a third. At Greenham Common, for instance, more than 10,000 people signed a petition against the establishment of the base, largely because it threatened to encroach on traditional commonland. In Cheltenham, which has had some unfavourable "vice" publicity, the Mayor has organised "screened" dances and promoted a Services Club open equally to British and American troops, supported by all the social, recreational and business groups in the town. In Margate, it is the sight of U.S. Air Police patrolling in jeeps that seems most to aggravate people; in Oxford it is the nightly descent of hundreds of rootless men upon social amenities that are already badly over-strained.

For all of these things, no "general" remedy can be conceived, for, despite all the talk of "community relations," and despite the assiduous efforts of well-intentioned "English-speaking Unionists," there will remain as many potential points of friction as there are points of contact between ourselves and the Americans here. This is not simply a matter of "anti-Americanism"; it has its counterpart among Americans who neither understand nor like the British among whom they have been despatched to live. The Man Who Came To Dinner, after all, found his hosts just as tiresome as they found him. The trouble stopped, it will be recalled, only when he left the house.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Second-class Citizens

SOME years before the war, *Le Rire* published a cartoon in which an Algerian carpet vendor was pestering a man at a café table. "Go away, your carpet stinks." "No, no, *sidi*, it's not my carpet, it's me!" Before the war, the Algerian in France was, above all, the funny man who sold carpets and peanuts. He was no problem—except to himself, for most of the Algerians didn't make much of a living on carpets and peanuts. There were only 30,000 Algerians in France in 1931, and 90,000 in 1938. To-day there are 400,000, and the migration of Algerians to France, which began in earnest in 1946—the year when they received (nominally) full rights of French citizenship—must already be considered one of the major population movements since the war.

Why do they come? Serious students of the question have attributed the migration either *mainly* to economic reasons or *mainly* to psychological reasons; but, in reality, it seems, both sets

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of reasons are almost equally valid. For both of them French colonial policy has largely been blamed. The population pressure has been heavy; every year there is an increase of 120,000 in the Algerian population, and the increase in the food supply is lagging far behind. For if, in 1900, Algeria grew 0.4 tons of wheat per head of population, it now grows only 0.2 tons, and the situation has been aggravated by more and more of the best land being used for growing wine instead of cereals. Shortage of good land and the poverty of the Algerian peasantry, 60 per cent. of whom are reckoned to live on the brink of starvation, are said by one school of thought to account for the migration towards France. This theory is supported by the fact that a very high proportion of Algerians coming here come from the rural areas of High Kabylia and the Constantinois.

According to the other school of thought, the migration is due chiefly to psychological reasons —to the deeply ingrained idea that people in France are "freer" than in Algeria, where the riots of 1946, in which many thousands were killed, left very unhappy memories, and where to-day the French police keep an eagle eye on the slightest manifestations of independence. In Morocco there is the Sultan, and in Tunisia there's the Bey; but Algeria is "part of France," without anything to restrict the "direct administration" of the colonialists. And at the café tables of the Medina and in the villages of High Kabylia they think of France as an Eldorado, where wages are four or five times higher than in the Algerian countryside, where life is free and easy for *all* French citizens.

And so they have come to France, hundreds of thousands of them. In Belleville, in Menilmontant, those old revolutionary quarters of Paris, there are many blocks and streets now that have the sound and even the smell of distant *medinas*. The luckier ones work at Renault and Citroën, and they earn good money, according to Algerian ideas; but the truth is that they are used chiefly for the heaviest, most exhausting and most distasteful work. In the Renault iron foundry most of the workers are Algerians. Many are also employed in the building trade and for railway line-maintenance work. But the Algerians with permanent employment are only a small minority. It has been established that of the 150,000 Algerians in the Paris area only some 30,000 have anything like a regular labour contract.

The Algerians, in fact, constitute, in the main, a sort of floating labour reserve, to be drawn on "as required," and the first to be sacked when work gets slack. Few rise above the level of "ordinary labourers"; little is done for their professional training; many scarcely know any French, and many employers tend to look upon them as "coolies" unfit to do good work, though, in reality, there is plenty of evidence to show that they can and do work as well as Frenchmen, and even better, given certain favourable conditions. Thus the Say Sugar Refineries in their report for 1938 said that the 400 Algerians they employed showed a 10 per cent. higher output than the French labour; and their technical skill was also revealed in the high marks received by Algerians in Air Force tests for pilots during the war. Yet the Algerian "French citizen" is rarely treated as an equal. Scarcely any provision has been made to house the Algerian "coolies," many of whom have to pay 300 francs a day for a sordid hotel room—and even that is usually let to them with very bad grace—and this 9,000 francs a month, a fat share of their wages, is the equivalent of what the *bourgeoisie* pay for a controlled-rent five-room flat at Passy!

Most of the Algerians come to France without bringing their families here, and in the expectation of being able to send them handsome postal orders every month. But it seldom works that way, and the problem of the Algerians' family allowances is real. As the French worker, so the Algerian worker gets what is in reality part of his wages paid into the family allowances pool, but as his family is not resident in France, the allowances are paid, not according to the French rate, but according to the much lower Algerian rate: it is reckoned that, in this way something like £7 million have been "stolen" out of the Algerian workers' pockets over a number of years; *Temps Modernes* puts the figure even higher at over £3 million a year. The family allowances in France and Algeria are indeed very different. In France you get £20 a month for three children, and in Algeria £7. The difference, which in reality represents "deferred wages," is "lost" simply because the man happens to be an Algerian, with his family in Algeria.

Algerian newcomers have also been the victims of other (private) rackets; there was, for instance, the case of the foreman of a factory who charged an Algerian a £5 "entrance fee"; after a few weeks or months the Algerian was sacked, and another *sidi* wanting his job had to produce the £5. Finally, the foreman was sent to prison for four months. Many similar rackets are also practised in Algiers by manufacturers of dud labour contracts and others promising the new emigrants the moon.

It is no use denying that there is, even amongst the French working class itself, a prejudice against the Algerians. Most of these come without their families; they are "different from us": they have "dirty habits," and many find their dreams of Paris glamour come true in the company of the lowest type of prostitute. Yet this is not the general rule; many Algerians, given a minimum of economic security, tend to marry Frenchwomen, or to set up house with Frenchwomen who, it is true, then often exploit and victimise them. But such prejudice as exists against the Algerians is undoubtedly being encouraged and stimulated by a part of the French press. That many of the Algerians are "rowdies" is true enough; that many, during their long spells of unemployment, are guilty of petty thieving is equally true; but the "criminality" of the Algerians is a legend that has been deliberately created by the press. The actual number of serious crimes committed by Algerians is negligible. Yet whenever somebody is attacked at night, and the aggressor is not caught, a part of the press almost invariably assumes that he *must* have been a North African! The Algerians are also blamed for "overcrowding" hospitals! The police are partly to blame for this prejudice: the Algerian *Lumpenproletariat*, in so far as they are organised at all, are considered politically suspect, their papers are confiscated, and if they take part in a labour demonstration, as on May Day, 1951, it is they on whom the police are the first to pounce. But there is more to it than that: a kind of racialist propaganda against the Algerian is being conducted so consistently that many have wondered what was really behind it. To quote *Temps Modernes*:

> This anti-Algerian racialism is based on our bourgeoisie's fear and its bad conscience. Anti-Algerian racialism is a class reflex. . . . Defence measures must be taken; one of them is to create and encourage enmity between the Algerian and the French worker. . . . The North African proletariat in France is a proletariat *par excellence*, holding in our present-day bourgeois mythology the same place as that held by the working class *canaille* in the bourgeois mythology of 1848. . . .

This instinctive *fear* that the presence of the "coloured man" arouses in the middle-class European is, needless to say, not limited to France

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which, indeed, until recently, was freer than most countries of colour bars and racial prejudices. But the "class" nature of this new racialism is best observed from the decline of the old-fashioned anti-Semitism in France (despite some frantic efforts to revive it) and the growth, instead, of the colonial variety of racialism, which has its parallel—and perhaps its inspiration—in the latent "Malanism" of the French *colons* in North Africa.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, November.

A Memory of Croce

SEEKING some key word for the quality of Croce's personality and work, one is dissatisfied with "weightiness" (though Croce was a master of carefully calculated and telling pronouncements). He was for that description too alert, mobile, ever active, forming his elaborately articulated judgments as he wrote them, bringing to bear upon the fact, opinion, or idea of the moment the force of a mind always forcefully debating within itself. "Each one of us," he once wrote, "is a society"; and the society that was the man and thinker, Croce, was one which exercised itself strongly in internal disputation as the method of producing a strong policy for proclamation to the world.

Two or three generations of Italian intellects found great difficulty in shaking Croce's hegemony in the competition for putting general ideas into wide circulation, because Croce had always digested a substantial part of their ideas in his own thought. Croce's last years were full of polemics against the Marxists; it was hard for them to retort aptly to an old man who himself had invoked, long before, the historical method of Marx as an antidote to the inebriations of a history haunted by the abstractions—Justice, Equality, and the rest—of the rationalists, and never gone back on his words. Catholic disputants also had to tread warily. Croce died without taking the sacraments, and he stood outside all religious institutions. Yet it was Croce who in his 1942 pamphlet, *Why we cannot but call ourselves Christians*, produced an apologia for the institutionalism and dogmatism of the Church as stringent as that of Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor, and, unlike that, serenely good-tempered and free of satire.

In substance he said that the Church has presided over the greatest feats in human history and could not have done it without herself fixing the rules of the game, to find fault with which is usually a sign of irresponsibility. Yet Croce had developed a deep and clear critical doctrine in the light of which he called himself a Christian outside the Church, and he has been buried, doubtless in accord with his express or implied wishes, with the symbol of the Cross on the coffin. His favourite table companion, the learned Barnabite Father Cilento, translator of Plotinus, took responsibility for performing the rite of posthumous absolution which the higher Church authorities would presumably have refused to a self-excommunicated and officially condemned teacher of heresy.

The Communists, on their side, had to decide between a frigid leave-taking from one who had for decades belaboured them and derided the Soviet Paradise, and, alternatively, a salute with the honours of the Red Flag to one who initiated (directly and indirectly) Marxist studies in Italy, befriended the founder of the Italian Communist Party, Gramsci, and is largely to be thanked or blamed if Communism in Italy has retained a much more authentic cultural status than in countries relatively unschooled in idealist

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dialectics. They squarely chose the latter, and Croce has gone to his grave to the tune of respectful, if qualified, Communist eulogies.

Through his long life, Croce was able to take up finely nuanced standpoints and to support them with the authority of an immense learning, a clearly articulated language, transparent moral worthiness, and, not least important, a salty shrewdness which produced anecdotes, quips, quotations, to invest his arguments with an air of proverbial obviousness. A tenderly sensitive, emotionally impressionable being peeped out from behind the public personality often enough to win him and keep him devoted friends of all ages. He begged his translators' pardon for being to them an occasion of hard labour, and warmly thanked the young for helping him to understand things.

It took a man of a very particular composition to stand all his life for a robust patriotism, but to withstand the nationalism of the d'Annunzios; to be Italy's leading Germanist but to sound the alarm of coming Hitlerism long before the event; to conduct, at the height of Fascism's successes, a single-handed campaign against its most brilliant stroke, the conciliation of the Italian State with the Papacy, but a decade later—in the final anti-Fascist struggle—to bridge the gulf between the old liberals and the party of the Church. Here there is no place to speak of the two-fronted positions in which he habitually found himself as a philosopher.

The Neapolitan young gentleman of the eighteen-eighties who was so strikingly to overshadow or outshine his fellow intellectuals during an ensuing five decades of nation-wide renown had been a most unhappy being. Orphaned and constitutionally weakened in an earthquake at seventeen years of age, he mooned away his student years and, although a Minister's nephew, left the University without a degree. Instead, he had an income, an intellect, and a conscience. With that equipment he embarked upon what must have been one of the greatest and most successful of campaigns for making all knowledge one's province. The mastery of knowledge was all one with a progressive self-mastery by which the gloomy and harassed orphan became by the age of forty a great thinker, a great citizen, a great man. But doubtless, the conquest of self had ever—and until the eighty-seventh year—to be renewed hour by hour, day by day; and so, too, in sympathy with this, had the organisation of the conquered provinces of knowledge. It was this struggle which gave to a great and grandiose system of thought an occasional poignancy, a brave pathos, and human anxiety.

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Frontier Battle

I HAD left the Bristol-Gloucester road after Almondsbury and walked in the heat of the afternoon through quiet villages to the Severn. The coast road at Aust was long and clean: the cars were in line for two hundred yards waiting for the Ferry. The sun, glinting on windows, beat down steadily. As I passed, some drivers looked up and smiled, as if the prospect of a long wait was a joke secret between us. Some were asleep: others stared into their windscreens having no answer to the inefficiencies of an indifferent tide. I paid my fare to a cheerful man in a wooden box and walked down the pier to the water's edge. The river played on the brown sludge of the bed. There were seven foot passengers and two cyclists. No one spoke. In mid-stream two boats waited silently for the tide.

It was half an hour before the ship was able to pull in to the pier and the cars were invited down the long ramp. Only eighteen were accepted, the remainder having to face a longer wait. I stood on the bridge and watched the loading. One at a time the cars drove aboard on to a turntable and were swung into the corners of the deck. Four men operated the turntable by ropes. A driver unfamiliar with the technique drove off the table in the wrong direction. The man in charge swore and leaped on to the running-board of the car shouting orders. The driver obeyed like a frightened animal. The scene was much like a cattle market. A woman driver could not manage to transverse the last few feet of the drawbridge and slid back on to the quay. A deck hand coaxed her loudly with great humour to change gear or accelerate. Each time she failed he grew more laboriously ironic and she more embarrassed, almost in tears. Horns blew in the cars behind. When she arrived finally the hand cheered and patted the rear of the car playfully.

"Augustine met the Celtic bishops here." A man behind me was talking.

"Hence Aust. Even at that time the Celts wouldn't attempt anything so formidable as converting the English." I realised that the man was talking to me. He was young and very dark and wore a wind jacket.

I said something about not having known that.

"What else could it be," he said. He went on: "It gives you a new slant on the English if you read their history in terms of their barbarity."

"I'd have said the English are more prone to foreign influences than most races."

"You'd have been wrong," he replied. "You'd be confusing catholicity of taste with hypocrisy."

Until the ferryboat began moving away from the quay my companion was silent. He appeared now to be contemplating the cars jammed together beneath us. Suddenly he said:

"We're crossing the frontier. This is it. Frontiers fascinate me. And barriers. Men in long coats with guns at the slope."

He looked back at the ragged low cliffs of Aust and the regiment of cars shining brilliantly in the sunlight.

"Do you feel," he asked me, "you're leaving your country, crossing the border, becoming alien?"

"No," I answered. "I didn't know this was a frontier."

"You couldn't be expected to," he said. "As far as I'm concerned, it is a frontier. I'm getting out of England. There should be armed guards, customs, nationalist troops. Fighting should break out now and again. A good point for invasion this. Men in a hundred landing craft at midnight.

"The beach," I said, "is not firm."

"That's true," he said. "It would have to be higher up."

"I thought the Wye was the border," I said.

"Boyo," he said; "I see that like the rest of the race you have more respect for truth than for life."

The boat was making what seemed like a wide detour. I could see the other leave Beachley, the opposite frontier. The Severn was dirty and in the boat's wake the water was like chopped mud.

"You are hitch-hiking," said the dark man. It was a statement. Consequently my denial may have sounded more vehement than I intended. I softened the effect by adding that I was visiting Chepstow to see the castle.

"I'm going to Swansea," he said, lighting a butt-end; and added, "This ferry's a sitting target."

I wondered if this meant that his side had dive-bombers.

"You can't fail to get a lift here. All you do is try one or two. They're bound to be going your way. If not Swansea then Neath at the worst. It's blackmail. Watch this."

He went down the ladder cautiously. In the cars the drivers were reading newspapers or staring still into the windscreens, insensible with inactivity. My companion tapped on the window of a small green car and spoke to the driver. After a while he touched his forehead in mock-salute. A moment's talk and he was pointing at me and smiling. The driver—a fat man with big spectacles—nodded cheerlessly. My companion returned to the bridge.

"A cinch," he said. "And he'll give you a lift to Chepstow."

"I like walking," I replied.

"You can walk back."

I accepted the offer and thanked him, asking if he had himself been fortunate.

"To Morriston," he said. "A Swansea suburb."

"Do you do this often?" I asked.

"Often. I've some friends in Bath."

"English friends?"

"Welsh friends."

We were now at Beachley and the drawbridge was down. We ran to our car. The driver did not seem glad to see us but my companion talked breezily of the need for a Severn Bridge. When we were on the turntable he remarked: "If this thing went berserk we'd be thrown into the sea." It was a short drive to Chepstow past green fields pale in the heat. The car was hot and I was glad to leave it at the castle.

"See you on the beachhead," said the dark young man, settling back in the car.

W. J. MORGAN

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The Arts and Entertainment

GOOD GERMANS AND BAD FRENCH

MR. Peter Ustinov wrote *The High Balcony* in 1946. It is a pity that no one produced it then, for its topicality is a part of its value. Topicality (except in matters of no real importance) is a quality too little valued by our theatre. Yet good journalism is much superior to bad art, and *The High Balcony* is at the least very good journalism—good enough for it to have been kept in storage for six years and yet appear now to make a considerable impression. Yet it is not after all as journalism, even good journalism, that the play makes its impact now. The first act has only that surface value, showing us a German Ambassador of the old school and his military attaché, an officer in the best tradition, clashing with the fanatical little party boss who is planted in the Embassy to keep them on the right Nazi lines. This situation, on the very eve of the declaration of war, is vividly and dramatically presented. But the next act moves on six years and, with defeat, the interest shifts and deepens. What intrigues us now is to see how two "good" Germans will react to the changing events. To the play as a whole, now that the element of topicality is no longer there, this shift is a weakness. We are left in some doubt about the author's main intention and wonder whether he was out to preach something which we haven't quite caught. Still, this wondering only takes place afterwards; for, at the time, we are completely caught up. From the second act on, Mr. Ustinov spins the web of an intensely interesting personal drama acted out by the Ambassador, his daughter and the Colonel, and our interest in character and situation over-rides our interest in the politics. The incidents of the narrative and the revelations from the past are particularly well placed, and the violent end grows so naturally out of what has gone before that it has the inevitability of truth, not the melodrama of journalism.

At this date *The High Balcony* will probably not make a general appeal, but it is a most suitable venture for a Club theatre and the Embassy, which under its new management, shows the promise of great enterprise, is to be congratulated on putting it on. The play will well reward a visit, and the more so because the acting is of a high all-round standard. Mr. Mark Dignam, as the colonel, is particularly fine, judging to a nicety the degree of humanity he can infuse into his character in order to allow us to admire, and even like, his stiff-backed, tight-lipped Prussian officer. Perhaps it is a criticism of Mr. Milton Rosmer, the diplomat, that he allows too much actual dither to come into his study of an indecisive Liberal, but it is a convincing portrait. Mr. Donald Pleasence is well suited to a sinister and hysterical Nazi. But it would be a thousand pities if this excellent character actor allows himself to become typed; performances like this one would soon become very monotonous—he must go all out for variety of voice and range of expression. Miss Ursula Howells had a very difficult part—long passages of sustained but unspoken anguish—and excellently she managed them. All the others were good in support. Mr. André van Gyseghem gave the play an admirable production.

The Old Vic's prettification of *An Italian Straw Hat* is an example of a now clearly recognisable theatrical mode which we may christen Arts Council *Kitsch*. This has reared its pretty head on several occasions lately in the Waterloo Road, notably in recent productions of *Twelfth Night* and *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. The principal ingredients are bags of good taste, a chorus of cavorting lasses and lads, and a great deal of self-conscious humour which ceaselessly proclaims: Isn't culture fun? The Old Vic's "sets" (the folk dance metaphor is appropriate) are led—rather surprisingly—by Mr. Denis Carey and he produces a good enough example of the species, if you like that kind of thing. Mr. Roger Furse's backcloth settings and dresses are "amusing." The company work hard, Mr. Laurence Payne commendably so. Mr. Paul Rogers, Mr. Peter Finch and Mr. William Squire invent diverting grotesques. But pastiche of this kind, though it seems to amuse audiences, strikes me as being the worst sort of artiness. It doesn't re-create an original, it "does it up" as the decorators say; it doesn't try to find the point of a play and reproduce it for us, it puts a purely modish gloss on it; it invites us to laugh not with the whole heart of participation, but rather with the superior neigh of the knowing. In short, it seems to me what Henry James might have called the Real Wrong Thing.

T. C. WORSLEY

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BOARDMAN

THE DUTCH PICTURES

IT is impossible to review this exhibition at the Royal Academy adequately in the space at my disposal. There are 644 pictures, and few about which I would have nothing to add to the catalogue entry. So the only thing to do is to ignore masterpieces such as the van Goyens, the Ruisdaels, the Terborchs, the de Hoochs, which everyone is going to look for anyway, and give my personal reactions to less familiar sides of the great masters and to diffident, unobvious and, if you like, minor personalities who do not stride out into the room and clap you on the back but keep to their corners, wondering if they are going to be recognised and greeted.

The one artist of whom it can never be said "I know this aspect of him: I shall therefore concentrate on this, and that, which may escape attention" is Rembrandt, because he is invariably unexpected. He never interrupts his angry flow, to become fixed. Even the vast equestrian portrait from Panshanger which has never before been exhibited (270) and the Glasgow *Man in Armour* (201) which you think at first you can docket, pin down, and then conveniently cast out of your mind, force their presence on you, so that you find you have to return to them time and again, to explore the crumbling paint on a cheek or a cloak. Then a number of Rembrandts that you assumed to be ordinary, were just dirty, and the cleaning of them has restored them to life. I always used to dismiss the *Young Man* from Windsor (81), the *Lady with a Fan* (181) and the *Artist's Mother* (34) as dull great pictures. Now that they have been cleaned they once more become subjects for heated argument. They are no longer ethereal heads peering out of shadows, no longer expensive Old Masters useful for lending dignity to a room, but solid flesh, with arms jumping out at you and hideous wrinkled noses like parched fruit. There is no hope of ever taking Rembrandt for granted, he always has some surprise in store for you. And you cannot do better, if your time is limited, than to study him alone at Burlington House, and look at nothing else except the two Vermeers. But it is important not to pass rapidly over the early period from 1624 to 1632, up to the portrait of *J. de Gheyn III* (126): I am not sure that this is not the most moving period of all, at any rate until the 1650's. During his early middle age he never infused more life into human beings than he did as a boy into the squat, tubby little actors of the *Thirty Pieces of Silver* (37).

Rembrandt is the only Dutch artist whom it is legitimate to take outside time and locality. His followers and associates existed on a lower plane altogether. But those who followed him attained heights of imaginative power which they would have never dreamed of on their own initiative. This is the case with the Bramer of about 1630 (46), with the two wonderful canvases of about 1632 by Jan Lievens (200, 202), and with the Gerard Dou of about twelve years later (146). These four pictures reflect Rembrandt's varying states of mind before he reached forty. Aert de Gelder picked up Rembrandt at a later stage, in his *Jacob's Dream* from Dulwich (107), than which no picture in the exhibition is more poetical.

Sober painters are most thrilling at their most experimental. The opposite is the case with a turbulent temperament like that of Hals. It is difficult for us to discern the merits in the Fitzwilliam *Portrait* (72) or in the Dublin *Fisherboy* (86), sickened as we are by flashy imitations of Manet. But the restrained Hals has few rivals in Dutch art. I am thinking of the newly discovered portrait from Orchard Wyndham (137), and the girl in the picture painted in collaboration with Claes van Heussen (97). Cuyp is the great revelation of the exhibition. It would be impossible to get up a show of all his remaining works not at Burlington House which would be half as impressive. This is partly because most of these have been cleaned, and Cuyp cleans more satisfactorily than any painter: the dirt peels straight off, to reveal the sunlit towers and rivers beneath, as stainless as a fresh fall of snow. It is advisable to by-pass the wretched *Entry into Jerusalem* from Glasgow (96) and make for the great Cuyps in Room III which alternate with Rembrandts like men and women in a formal dance; then to walk to the other end of the building where another tiny Cuyp is hung (474), a divine overture to Turner.

The other landscape, seascape and topographical painters are beautifully represented, especially the monumental Philips Koninck, and my favourite Jan ven der Heyden who within strictly imposed limits never seems to be anything but perfect. I should like to put in a special plea for de Vlieger (seven pictures scattered, but all worth chasing up) and the young Willem van de Velde (especially 203), two marine artists who are generally considered as only of interest to dealers and historians of naval tactics.

There is little to criticise in the exhibition as a whole. I could complain of the poor representation of the early centuries, the poverty of Geertgen, Lucas van Leyden and Scorel, of the overcrowding in the Small South Room, of the too lavish display of still-life and flower-pieces, of too many conventional portraits by Bol, my bugbear,

of the absence of Bor and Brouwer and Michiel Sweerts. (The single work listed under the name of Sweerts in the catalogue (533) is the one of all in the exhibition that I feel most tempted to carry away under my overcoat—but can it really be by Sweerts?) However, it would be silly to complain of gaps when every room supplies an unending store of pleasure. The next person who tells me that Dutch painting is boring, I shall silence with a rude monosyllable. I was delighted to discover that my favourite among the painters of church interiors, Pieter Saenredam, was represented by two splendid examples (491, 527), and that the Romanists were allotted generous space. I daresay I overrate the Utrecht masters and the Romanists; but I invite visitors to Burlington House to take special note of the Terbrugghen from Ledbury (633), the Pijnacker from Dulwich (445), the J. B. Weenix (467) and the Karel Dujardin (461), and see if they do not share my prejudices. BENEDICT NICOLSON

RADIO NOTES

IF to listen to the two and a half hours dramatised version of *A Family and a Fortune* required, like Miss Compton-Burnett's novels in the hand, a degree of submission, the effect was unusually rewarding, and, in fact, in very much the same kind of way. The producer (Christopher Sykes) and his cast can hardly be too highly praised for what really seemed an essay in their own metamorphosis; as they entered this queer nineteenth-century world the actors, even the most famous and familiar, surrendered their accustomed personalities, becoming part of one of those doomed but inseparable families ("Have we *no* relations who can enter a room in the usual way? ") which reveal all truth in the works of Miss Compton-Burnett. But behind the performance were the author's words, holding us by their style and by giving voice to the awful percipient rightness of the unsaid reflection. "I do admire behaviour: I love it more than anything," remarks a character. Anyone who also admires behaviour will feel that this unusual production was an experiment that magnificently justified its boldness.

I cannot listen to any of Nesta Pain's entomological portraits without at once recalling Wordsworth's cry: Let Nature be your Teacher!

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things:
We murder to dissect.

And here was the latest addition, *Scorpions*, showing, as usual, all the unemotional gruesomeness that we have learnt to associate with Nature in our day—even though the metaphorical creature turned out, this time, to be milder than legend supposes. It was a neat and entertaining piece, drawing prettily on Dr. Muffet ("Their stinging is always mortal for maids, and most commonly for all women. And for men in the morning") and extensively on the charming and invaluable Fabre. In spite of the prevailing note of the conclusion: "Nature is harsh, but she is seldom unpractical," it was not for those who like their natural history dry; but it does seem to me that a newcomer might find in this form an epitome of English radio invention—science, music, drama and philosophy (the non-Wordsworthian ironic) in very nice proportion.

The Experience of Age was, if we leave for a moment the interest of its subject, a rare radio specimen—the broadcast interview at its most distinguished level. (At its lowest, the interview is less hard to find; any random listening period will provide, alas, an example, complete with stock questions, interrupted answers, and a forced note of comedy. A more original approach, however slight the occasion, would be welcome.) In this programme four leading men of letters, towards or over eighty years old, were asked in separate interviews to describe the condition of age. They were Bertrand Russell (80), Laurence Housman (87), Gilbert Murray (86), and Walter de la Mare (79). Though the ground they covered between them was wide and the response was in no two cases alike, the one unifying factor brought their ideas together as much as their differing personalities made them separate. It was a valuable and impressive programme, touching on memory, habit, taste, the changing attitude to orthodoxy, as well as on physical matters. What gave it a special quality was the creative part taken by the interrogator, Ronald Hambleton, whose imaginative questions and comments achieved the effects he clearly desired, and were in themselves a contribution.

Last Friday I was pleased to hear Alistair Cooke, at his sociological best, in an excellent talk on the way in which national habits (sitting, riding and watching) are affecting the American young. On Sunday a beautiful Perthshire number of *Country Magazine*, whose collection of speakers and their subjects had an almost eighteenth-century quality, showed that a time-worn formula can still be freshly used.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Lost Property," at Studio One
"The Snows of Kilimanjaro," at the Leicester Square

A recurring bid is made by the collective or multiple film, the film with three or more pieces, more or less interconnected. Its advantages are the array of stars, the assortment of stories, characters, moods, some of which will appeal to everyone. Its difficulty, given skill in the particularities, is to find a holding theme. Griffith, never half-hearted, looked for his in the march and frailty of civilisation: *Intolerance* remains the most original and striking of all multiple films, however much we may smile over its melodrama, its cradle endlessly rocking. Epic is, as a rule, the very last thing that this type of film can encompass. It can dangle pearls or teeth on a string; it can open a succession of doors into mystery; it can play much with coincidence and

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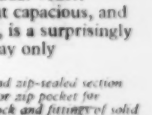

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chance. *Carnet de Bal* strung sentimentally and notably; *La Ronde* found a palindrome in sexual complexity; atmosphere ruled the variations of *Dread of Night*; and recently the personality of Mr. Maugham has given point to more than one clutch of his stories. The easiest way to concoct a film of this order is to take some place or date and entertain or moralise from the human stories there entangled. *Lost Property* (*Souvenirs Perdus*) does no more than this; a sentimental negligence being its hallmark, so far as it has one, and its occasion the Paris lost-property office, in which an Egyptian statuette, a violin, a cheap neck-fur, and a funeral wreath start the yarns spinning. All this to the play of shadow and the tinkle of musical box. The whole thing, in fact, might be described as Parisian Box.

However, I must admit that *Lost Property* has more flourish and fun than its English equivalent. Of the two again-met lovers (Edwige Feuillère and Pierre Brasseur), both pretending to be rich, the one sells dirty postcards in the Louvre, while the other flaunts borrowed plumes. The courting policeman (Bernard Blier) tries to accommodate a violin-tormenting urchin and gets fobbed off with the violin. A lunatic (Gérard Philipe) escapes, murders his mistress and the doctors who have put him away, saves a girl from the Seine (Danièle Delorme), and then strangles her in her claustrophobic attic. And lastly, a rich fantancer (Louis Périer) gets pinned down by an old flame (Suzy Delair) in the cemetery where, with the wrong face, he is assisting at an uncle's inhumation. Juan's antics on a balcony in a bathrobe, and his chauffeur's (Armand Bernard) attempts at warning and intervention among the tomb-stones during a frenetic laudation provided, for me at any rate, the highlights of a film that was otherwise smart, sentimental, and obvious. Its director was M. Christian-Jacque who has never been less than a very adept and shiny film-maker.

The Snows of Kilimanjaro is also, by means of the flashback, a multiple film, giving us, in fact, a sort of film-making anthology of Hemingway. Hunting, women, Paris, the bull-fight, the Spanish war; round the world, hairily, we prose. And the excuse for all this is Mr. Gregory Peck who, within sight of the vultures and Kilimanjaro, lies dying of a poisoned knee on a camp-bed. Neither he nor his wife—his third wife—dreams of remedying this with hot fomentations or lancing because that would be to anticipate the final reel. A hyæna, far more engaging than they, and sniffing right up to the reminiscent sick-bed, drives them to it. This film is perhaps rather unfair to Hemingway, certainly to us.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Holy Terrors," at the Arts

Whether the fault lies in the acting, the production or in what seemed a deflated and earthbound translation, M. Cocteau's balloon fails to make its usual Montgolfier ascent. A famous actress invites a beautiful young woman to share her husband—an even more famous actor—in the hope that by resisting the girl's allurements, he will help her to regain the happiness that a false suspicion of their liaison has shattered. It is much the same theme as *All About Eve* and, personally, I longed for a few echoes of Bette Davis and George Sanders. There are good things, of course—the scene with a radio announcer, a three-cornered row in the second act, and an outrageous old lady introduced at the finish. But, alas, the play abounds in troughs, lulls and *longeurs*. Most of the time M. Cocteau drifts hopelessly between irony, fantasy and real life. The evening is wholly Miss Compton's. Hers is a vintage piece of acting, a rich virtuoso performance in which the purist will probably find much to condemn but which the connoisseur accepts with delight. Miss Compton does everything: she piles on the same gestures, she repeats her famous trick of raising a quizzical eyebrow, she plays shamelessly to the house. Yet she holds her audience spellbound. To sit and listen to that wonderful voice, which can, in the space of a few lines, ring all the changes on Ophelia, Prince Charming, Regan and the outraged wife in *Blithe Spirit*, is to enjoy a real theatrical experience. We hear a great deal too much about "star quality" these days, but it is the only phrase that applies to Miss Compton.

J. N. B. R.

Alvaro Guevara (1894-1951), at the Mayor Gallery

Guevara (born in Chile but working during most of his life in Europe) was never a strong draughtsman. He did, however, have a genuine if somewhat slight poetic talent, and a good-mannered but sensuous feeling for paint—rather like that of a Soutine, taken out of the kitchens, cleaned up, refined and "finished" to serve in a boudoir. In his portraits of women during the 1920s he was really a sort of milliner-poet, not that he was interested in hats, but that he somehow implied—most poignantly of all in his imaginary heads—the pace of sports cars, the wistfulness of dressing table mirrors, wide greedy eyes, champagne breakfasts, the adventures of mannequins. His later semi-impressionist French landscapes are mellower but in an odd way rather similar. Over-colourful compared to any straight Impressionist landscapes (Pissarro, for instance), they are concerned not with light as it is, but with the nostalgic associations of light. They are middle-aged Spring fantasies. The autumn mists, or the lovely honeycombs of foliage in sweet sunlight, or the blackberry coloured silhouettes of twigs and branches against shining fragments of brightest pearl sky, were obviously, for the painter, more symbolic than actual. Their luminous horizons are reminiscent of the horizon of the footlights when seen from the back of the stage; their lyricism of Petrouchka's wooing. One could pick the theatrical rose which lies at the feet of some puppets, in one of his much earlier pictures, in any of his later orchards. In fact, to sum up, Guevara was essentially an exotic, sentimental artist, but original, deft, and a good enough designer to produce a certain number of works which can still delight us in our sterner climate.

J. B.

"Samson and Delilah," at Sadler's Wells

The trouble with this old best-seller is that, apart from the famous seductive scenes and some pretty scraps of ballet, the music is pedantic and dull. Saint-Saëns visualised the Hebrews as a highly respectable people who had seen better days, and he wrote for them fugal choruses and solemn supplications which sound like a Mendelssohn score left out in the rain. In the last act, even the Philistines become tainted with academicism and take to singing duets in strict canon. All that remains alive is the second act, voluptuous, beautifully scored and well constructed. As the temptress, Jean Watson produced some rich oratorio sounds and one brilliant pounce on a high B flat, followed by a two-octave downward scale; but operatic fascination depends largely upon a sinuous, flexible, legato style, and in this she is wanting. Thorstein Hanneson was a suitably large but sadly unmusical Samson: his singing was monotonously loud and frequently flat. The rest of the cast was good, and so were the orchestra (under Michael Mudie), the sets (Ralph Koltai) and the production (Basil Coleman). John Cranko's dances, though out of style, gingered up the last act and provided an absorbing moment in the first, when a saucy young Philistine bacchante hooked an old Hebrew fuddy-duddy around the neck with a garland of flowers and proceeded to drag him across the stage. Now there's something that never happened in Kirkby Lunn's day!

D. S.-T.

Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, at the Festival Hall

The Royal Philharmonic Society has planned an exceptionally interesting season, to include the first performances of Vaughan Williams's *Sinfonia Antarctica* (Jan. 21) and of Rubbra's *Viola Concerto* (April 15). Most, though not all, of the concerts are entrusted to the R.P.O. and Sir Thomas Beecham, who showed himself last week at the very top of his form. His conducting of a Mozart overture and of Schubert's Fifth Symphony was miraculous; alive from end to end, every phrase moulded with affection, every chord scrupulously balanced, each movement filled with a constant play of light and shade which never degenerated into precocity and never obscured the larger outline of the musical thought. With commendable generosity, Sir Thomas had commissioned from Richard Arnell a large-scale new orchestral work. This was *Lord Byron*, "a symphonic portrait" divided into eight quasi-biographical sections. Arnell's music always sounds well, he is professionally skilled and experienced, but he seems to lack the faculty of self-criticism. One of these days a choreographer may find just what he wants in this score; in the concert room we are fatally aware that the themes are undistinguished and their treatment merely fluent. The moral was pointed, by contrast, in the following performance of Rawsthorne's cool, distinguished Second Piano Concerto, capitally played by Colin Horsley.

D. S.-T.

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Correspondence

U.S. FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—As an American who has followed rather carefully the speeches and writings of John Foster Dulles over the past two years, I venture to say that I can predict quite accurately the course of American foreign policy in the Orient.

Within the next year or so, Chiang Kai-shek will be encouraged to invade the mainland of China. Privately, he will be assured of whatever air and sea support he may need to establish a foothold on the mainland, and whatever additional support he may need to be sure of victory. In short, he will be told, "Invade the mainland, and we will guarantee your return to power."

Publicly, of course, we shall take a less extreme position. Our secret and unlimited commitments to Chiang will be kept secret. American public opinion to-day would probably not support all-out war against China. It would support, however, a proposal to help him establish a strong beachhead on the mainland. Once we get him there, it will be easy to persuade the American people that we must do whatever we have to, supply air support for Chiang's armies, bomb Chinese cities and industries, even use the atom bomb (which many people are secretly yearning to try out on some Communists), in order to prevent our gallant democratic ally from being swallowed up, as without our help he most assuredly would be, by the godless Communist hordes.

It must be obvious where such policy will lead. If, as seems likely, Russia declines to accept this invitation to declare all-out war against the West, and contents herself with supplying the Chinese with weapons, we will begin to hear in America the same kind of talk about "privileged sanctuaries" that we have been hearing for the past year. The difference is that this time the sanctuary will be Russia, not Manchuria. Under these circumstances it will only be a matter of time before public opinion is lashed up in support of the atom bombing of Russia, or at least of Russian supply routes to China. And there we shall be.

To those who may feel that this gloomy picture is only the product of an overheated imagination, I would insist that broad hints about the forthcoming invasion of the Chinese mainland have already appeared in some very informed sections of the American press. In fact, a general reaction to the election of Eisenhower has been that it will result in a more vigorous prosecution of the war against Communism in Asia. When you add to this the fact that Mr. Dulles has for some time urged that we make every effort to reinstate Chiang in China, it is hard to draw from the evidence any conclusion other than the one I have drawn.

Is there any way to deter the U.S. from this suicidal policy? I think there is. I think the U.S. would not engage in such a venture if its Western Allies, or, at the very least Britain, were to say something like this:

> "We have entered into a number of joint undertakings with you on the assumption, supported by your most solemn assurances, that your sole purpose was to prevent further armed Communist aggression. Any attempt by you to initiate or accelerate offensive war against the Communist nations we will regard as a total negation of the assumptions on which our agreements with you are based. If you attempt to 'liberate,' by the direct or indirect use of armed force, the Communist nations, in Asia or in Europe, we will consider ourselves free, and in fact obliged, to dissociate ourselves from all joint undertakings with you, including the North Atlantic Pact."

It is most unlikely that any less positive statement will have the slightest deterrent effect on my Government and my fellow citizens. For the hope of Mr. Dulles, and many other powerful Americans, is that the "free world" can be led into a holy crusade against Russia and Communism, so gradually, so imperceptibly, that there will be no clearly defined occasion for anyone to refuse. The place to say "No!" is the invasion of China. (It should have been the crossing of the 38th Parallel.) If you do not say No! to the invasion of China, you may not have another opportunity to say it at all.

The coming year will be one of the most critical periods in Britain's history. She can, if she will, speak out with a voice of sanity, moderation and courage. For the sake of my country and yours, for the sake of freedom, for the sake of humanity, I pray she will do it. Or she can do as she has done so far, and allow herself to be dragged, feebly protesting, into a needless war in which everything she holds most dear will be destroyed.

"U.S. CITIZEN"

VOICE OF THE SETTLER

SIR,—Mr. Blundell's letter should not go unchallenged; first, because he is Leader of the European Elected Members in the Kenya Legislative Council, and secondly, because his is a back-door attempt to rationalise the irrational by means of catch-phrases like "the legitimate advance of the African people," and more to that effect.

What is Mr. Blundell's logic? He does not want the suppression of "the legitimate advance of the African people." He further wants to see that "the legitimate political hopes and aspirations of *any people* are not stifled." (Italics mine.) How, then, is he going to reconcile the interests of the ordinary African and those of the White settler—interests that are irreconcilable? It is not strange, in this context, to note Mr. Blundell's rejection of "a Government based on African Nationalism." The rejection has a purpose which, to be sure, does not contribute anything whatsoever to the "advance of the African people."

I entirely agree with Mr. Blundell that "there is an urgent need for economic and social measures." The pity is that Mr. Blundell and others of his kind are not in a position, everything remaining the same, to afford the luxury of implementing such measures. Germany could not afford them, and she got Fascism. Here, we have Emergency Bills. That, incidentally, explains the Kenya settler's arrogance as being an attempt to hide impotency behind sadism, both, of course, political. That also, incidentally, shows that the spirit of Emergency Bills cannot have a temporary existence, however much Mr. Blundell might revel in, to say the least, self-deception.

Let us face the facts. In Kenya, tribalism has come under the impact of a brutal foreign feudalism and commercialism, and all these forms co-exist. Such a combined development also means the combined release of all the disintegrating tendencies of tribalism, feudalism and commercialism. Such a release of a "social-revolutionary" energy cannot be canalised in Mr. Blundell's "legitimate" grooves. It must generate giant political leaps not always "legitimate" in character. If only Mr. Blundell and others of his kind were prepared to concede to the Africans something a little more than "legitimate," we would not have a historical force degenerating into bodies like the Mau Mau.

I pity the White man in Kenya. He is fighting in terms of a broad historic perspective, a losing battle. The dust-bin of history is assured of an extra fill.

"INDIAN REALIST"

Mombasa.

THE TRIBUNAL

SIR,—Both Mr. Benn Levy and your correspondent Mr. Harold Jackson insist that it is the tribunal's duty to determine whether the objector is *sincere*—and nothing else. Implicit in their arguments is the accepted picture of the conscientious objector as an individual in conflict with his society, an individual grappling with a difficult problem of personal morality who must not be coerced by the State to act against his convictions.

This picture fits most of the cases that come before the tribunals, but not necessarily all of them. For the cold war and the existence of atomic and bacteriological weapons have brought into being a new kind of objector whose position seems to be imperfectly understood, both by orthodox Pacifists, and by the tribunals that lump him together with Communists, fellow-travellers and other "political" objectors.

He is not a moral fundamentalist. To the question whether killing can, under certain circumstances, be justified, he has no categorical answer. He is not even sure whether, if Britain were invaded by a totalitarian State, he might not join a Resistance movement. But he regards these questions, the stock-in-trade of the tribunals, as academic, and irrelevant to his present situation.

Here and now he finds himself in a world in which everyone wants peace, but which is rapidly approaching a war. It is by now obvious that in such a war all nations would be losers, and on a gigantic scale. Then why should it come? There are two possible answers: (1) because Russia/America is insanely planning aggression; (2) because both sides persist in pursuing "tough" foreign policies and staking national prestige on their success.

The new objector believes that the second answer is the correct one. As a citizen of a democracy he considers himself co-responsible for the policies of his country. He writes letters to the press, he speaks at political meetings, he tries to use his vote intelligently. But he has the choice of two parties, both of which favour rearmament and act on the assumption that in the last resort war is still a legitimate instrument of policy.

As a *citizen*, and not merely as a moral being, the new objector considers it his duty to withhold his military service from a government which requires it to back up a diplomacy of intransigence. It is the only concrete, physical contribution he can make. "If everyone did as I do," he says, a little hopelessly, "there would be no war." It is all he can say.

But the possibility remains that if a large enough number in Britain did as he does the United States might have to moderate their policies and Russia might respond favourably. Tension might diminish. The spectre might recede. His case, at any rate, is tenable, and ought not to be steam-rollered out of existence with the intolerable choice—Soviet Britain or atomic war?—which is the standard equipment of the tribunals.

They cannot refuse him the label of "conscientious." If they like to confront the moral fundamentalist with his duties as a citizen, they must also

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be prepared to recognise that a man who objects to military service out of a sense of social responsibility is impelled by his conscience. At the same time the task of determining the applicant's "sincerity" is made easy for them. They do not have to "disentangle the intricate secrets of the human heart." All they need do is to consider objectively the evidence of the applicant's previous political activities. If he has actively opposed the policies for which his service is demanded and if his objection is the logical extension of his protests, his "sincerity" can be taken as proved, and questions such as "What would you do if you saw a man about to shoot your little sister?" recognised as irrelevant.

142 Walton Street, Oxford. OGILVIE BUCHAN
KENNETH KNIGHT

FARMING CREDITS

SIR,—May I take Mr. Hilditch's letter a little further since this problem of finding credit for farming is now a major headache for all of us?

To maintain present production we need twice the working capital used at the end of the war and very few can have made a profit of this magnitude; those who have must have paid most of it out in taxation. To increase production even in the simplest ways must require still more working capital. In our case we could quite certainly double present output, but to do so we should have to invest something like another £17 per acre, say £5 in permanent improvements such as drainage, land clearing, hedging and so on, £3 in machinery and £9 in fertilisers, stock and extra wages. As our bankers have asked us to reduce our overdraft, there is no chance of attempting any further development work.

There are, I think, many objections to bank credit for farming, though unfortunately for the tenant farmer and the owner-occupier carrying a high mortgage it is the only source available. In the first place, loans for such slow maturing projects as agriculture should carry a fixed rate of interest. One cannot embark on a project which may over several years, with luck, be worth while at say 2½ per cent, while knowing that the rate may rise long before the scheme is complete to 6 per cent. Very few farming ventures show such a high return on the total invested capital. A strong case also can be made for providing exceptionally cheap credit for food production. The demand for cheap food from the industrialists is not wholly dead, neither is it wholly unreasonable, but if this cheap food is to be home-produced without the benefit of colonial wage rates, credit (and other production expenses) will have to be very cheap.

There are several sources of credit for fixed improvements—buildings, afforestation and so on—some neither convenient nor cheap. No source, however, exists designed to provide long-term non-fluctuating working capital, and without it there is no chance of much increase in food production; no chance of the younger and generally better trained farmer starting up on his own, and little chance—if inflation of costs continues—of our maintaining production.

It is a service which has had to be provided in many European countries, either co-operatively or under direct Government auspices. In this country it might well be better to operate the scheme by a committee of the joint stock banks with a limited number of regional offices to maintain contact with the industry, using the security branch banks on an agency basis. Such a set-up would not be too costly to run, and it would be relatively easy to fix the interest rates at such levels as would encourage a desirable rate of production and development. If it was felt that the rate should be lower than would be profitable to the banks normally, it would be fairly simple to make special arrangements with the Treasury. There could well be a tie-up with the Agricultural Executive Committees to ensure desirable use of the funds and, if thought wise, a simple system of crop recording such as that worked out by the Growmore Clubs as a check on the individual borrower's efficiency. JAMES R. WINSER

Weston Farm, Petersfield.

ARTISTS' INCOME

SIR,—Both Mr. Potter and Mr. Fred Uhlman state some of the difficulties in the way of an artist making a living from the sale of his work. May I state a few, so far, unmentioned facts?

The dealer who exhibits an artist's work deducts one-third of the sale price as his commission for "selling" the work. I used to protest against this high rate of commission, but have now come to the conclusion that this straightforward business arrangement is preferable to the other systems by which most artists show their work through groups or societies.

The artist who sends his work to a society or group, first of all pays a submission fee for each picture, of from 2s. 6d. to 5s., for the privilege of having his work go before the jury. If the work is accepted and hung he will pay a further sum of £1 or more as a hanging fee for each work. If the picture sells, and in such an exhibition the sale chances are less than in a private gallery, he will pay a commission of 20 per cent. on the sale price.

The pay-off, the meanest thing I know, is that the artist is now generally expected to pay for the 2d. stamp on the form which will be sent to him to inform him that his work has been considered unacceptable for exhibition.

I prefer the dealer who takes the work and hangs it, only charging a fee if he makes a sale. The fee is high but it is straightforward.

1a Montague Mews South, George St., W.1. BERNARD GAY

CHARLES DARWIN

SIR,—I am preparing a series of studies on the work and influence of Charles Darwin, and I am anxious to see any hitherto unpublished manuscripts, letters and illustrations relating to Darwin himself, to other natural scientists of his time, and to popular writers who may have been affected by Darwinian concepts. Such materials will be carefully copied and returned. BERT JAMES LOWENBERG

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JONATHAN CAPE

Christmas Books—I

MY CHILDHOOD BENDS BESIDE ME

In literature there are recipes for practically everything. Given these, and pencil and paper, it is possible for anyone able to read to concoct some sort of a novel. But in the matter of writing for children it is a different story. Here we have no infallible precepts. It cannot be merely a matter of imitating some great exemplar. If that were so we should be able to count the books that have become children's classics on more than fingers and toes. There have always been pseudo-Pinocchios and poor man's Winnies-the-Pooh. But they are only shadows of the original, copied and made—not born. This was brought home to me very clearly after glancing through a collection of recent Christmas books. With two notable exceptions they all seemed to be either imitated from other authors or so laboriously contrived as not to make sense, far less, in the best meaning of the word, nonsense. And when, in the last of the batch, I came upon a fairy who had his own tiny wireless set, I closed the book with a sigh. What, I wondered, would Jakob Grimm have thought of such a juxtaposition? For a fairy is one thing and a wireless set another and to put the two together is not only a contradiction in terms but a mixing of worlds that are mutually exclusive. Any child capable of accepting the concept 'fairy' would know that a fairy, from its very nature, wouldn't *need* a wireless set, any more than the Archangel Lucifer would need a box of matches. Sound beyond hearing, light beyond burning—in a world where these are commonplaces it is selling coals to Newcastle to add a man-made gadget. When Hanuman, the noble monkey of the *Ramayana*, was struck by Brahma's charmed weapon, thrown by one of Ravan's giants, he bowed his will and submitted humbly before the superior power. But the moment his enemy added physical bonds to enslave him further he automatically became free—clear evidence of the saga's apprehension that to fortify with mechanical aids the power of magic is to bring about the intention's very opposite. I think it more than likely that the wireless set deafened that fairy.

Magic, anyway, can't be imposed. It must grow from the story's elements—sweet or bitter. The exemplars, you notice, never made the mistake of imagining that the lily was more closely related to magic than, say, a turnip. That is why I think so highly of my two exceptions, *Charlotte's Web*, by E. B. White* and *The Wonderful Farm*, by Marcel Aymé.* Both stories are about the countryside, and both have solid factual characters whose magic glows from a lamp within them. In neither case is anything explained. Of the two, Mr. White, I think, comes nearest to being a traditional writer. To begin with, his story, like all the best tales for children, exists on two levels—one for Now to tell you what happens and one for Then to bring you back to learn the meaning of it. Secondly, in spite of all the comedy, it has an absorbed and dreamlike air such as one sometimes surprises in a child playing alone. And here, perhaps, is the clue to the secret and an answer to our question. I have a suspicion that the true writer of children's books isn't writing for children at all. Or that, rather, he writes for one child only, the hidden child within him. The job is a highly personal one, lit with the rarest kind of pleasure, but for all that no sinecure. After all, the novelist, the poet, the historian are not compelled to face their readers, they can keep them at a distance. But the children's writer carries his public with him, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, closer than hand or heart. And a public, moreover, clear of eye and merciless, satisfied only with his best, not easy to placate. On the other hand, if the situation has its rigours it also has its rich rewards. To be able to please this audience, to make it laugh, or weep, for joy—what a satisfaction!

Take Beatrix Potter. Ostensibly, even historically, the early stories were written in the form of illustrated letters to the children of her governess. But the Tales themselves, those bardic incantations writ small as though on a mouse's ear, cry out against the fact. The Moore family, like Christopher Robin, the children in Carroll's boat and all the rest of the dedicatees, were merely convenient excuses. Of course she didn't write for them! And at something over sixty she actually admitted it. "I have just made stories to please myself," she remarked with characteristic honesty, "because," she added, "I never grew up." But here she did herself less than justice. She might have said, with Joyce—though it is doubtful if she would have appropriated any other phrase of his—"My childhood bends beside me." What a compendium in five words! The phrase must be true of all of us if we wish to stay alive till we die. But it must be true in particular of the true writer for children. Here is the well, the endless spring. All that is needed is a steady hand and a bucket without a hole. Thus is Wonderland dredged up and the world of Dr. Dolittle; Phoenix and Psammead and Hobbit, the wooden boy in search of a soul, Curdie and his child Princess, the animals at Pooh Corner and Mungojerrie and Rumpleteazer.

Perhaps it is not surprising, since they all come from the same source, that the best books for children have many family resemblances. Their lack of squeamishness, for instance, and their sober, not to say stodgy refusal to be amazed at anything. In all of them, from the fairy tales downward (for every lasting children's book is a lawful descendant of the fairy tales) one finds behind, or mixed with, the magic a certain sturdy toughness. It is as though the authors, through constant association with that bending shape, were able to retain into maturity the strong stomachs of childhood. Terror has no terrors for them, neither has sentiment. The unknown author of *The Juniper Tree*, lost now in the mists of legend, set the prime example, with fear and tenderness so mingled that the mark they make on the memory is not of horror but of understanding.

The vital feature common to all the great stories is their power to communicate a way of thinking and feeling. Or perhaps it would be truer to say they act as a focus, or grain of sand, round which the child's own thoughts and feelings build the pearl of understanding. Not that the secrets are ever told. The story is there for entertainment and the secrets are implicit in it. Experience teaches us—but later—what. Curdie's goblins, for instance, mean, and the nature of the princess's grandmother. But children, nevertheless, have their own understanding of both that is not so far from the truth. *When* they read them, of course. But who reads Macdonald nowadays? Who, if it comes to that, reads Grimm? How many buy Nesbit—or Collodi? Too few, I was told by a bookseller recently. And he put it, gloomily, down to the fact that the mothers, not having had these authors in *their* childhood, don't buy them now for the children. It is true. There is a blank space today in many a mother's reading and a general decline in grandmothers. The latter are now shovelled away into the attic, or, if that is a fairly comfortable place, down into the basement. They are seldom given the slightest chance to exercise their function, which is, surely, to become Old Wives and tell their Tales to the children. And not only the fairy tales but all their lore of daily living and whatever they know of the secrets of life and the end and aim of things. As it is, if we are not careful, if we throw out traditional books and customs, there will soon not be anything left to be a grandmother *with*. Those of us are lucky who remember a dear Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by and the sweets in her velvet pocket. Or a stern Be-done-by-as-you-did with her rich, if acid, flavour. And luck—the sagas all insist—must ever be paid with duty. It is up to us to become Old Wives, before it is too late; to stand like stones in the moving tide and hand the oracles on. We must follow Henny Penny's example and hurry to break the news to the King. For, indeed, the sky is always falling and the Fox is always there. We will let our childhood bend beside us, along with our experience, and against the time's rhyme and reason, we will tell our Tales to the children. And if one, more thoughtful than the rest, should ask about that recurring phrase "Happy ever after," we shall know how to answer him with truth. "It is an inner kingdom, child. You have only to find the key."

P. L. TRAVERS

* *Charlotte's Web*. By E. B. WHITE. *Hamish Hamilton*. 8s. 6d.

* *The Wonderful Farm*. By MARCEL AYMÉ. *Bodley Head*. 9s. 6d.

LOVE IN GOLOSHES

Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell: Their Correspondence. Edited by ALAN DENT. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Now that at last they appear—these famous letters "interchanged by an intellectual giant and a great and beautiful actress"—they seem, it must be confessed, a disappointment. It isn't only that the "intellectual giant" is little in evidence and the brilliance of the actress hardly communicates on paper; it is that the centre of the whole thing, the love affair between them, makes a curiously squashy, messy impact. Searching for phrases that might sum it up, I came across these of Shaw's: "We are only two children at play; and you must be my queen in fairyland. And I must go back to my work."

This does not appear in one of these letters, it appears in *The Apple Cart*, in that oddly irrelevant, rather distasteful Interlude where King Magnus visits his supposed mistress. This scene gives an accurate reflection of the tone of the love letters in this volume for the very good reason that it was admittedly meant to be a distillation of the affair between Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as Shaw saw it. I recommend anyone embarking on these letters to read this scene through first; it is the perfect explanatory background. Shaw never took his Stella seriously as a human being. (And it is this which gives his love letters to her their, to me, slightly unpleasant flavour.) For him, Stella was only a distracting excitement, an intoxicant to be indulged in—but only at safe intervals—in his few moments of leisure snatched from a busy life crammed with engagements and other really serious matters ("And I must go back to my work"). Over this, the important, part of his life, Mrs. Shaw, his Jennine, presided; and nothing was to be allowed to interfere with that arrangement. Stella not unnaturally resented the role she was cast to play—the rose in favour of whom he preferred the cabbage. It may be true, as Magnus smugly remarks, that the wise man, if you forced him to choose between going without roses or going without cabbages, would forgo the roses. But the kind of man who is capable of such wise balancing of the accounts in the middle of what is supposed to be a passionate love affair makes himself appear somewhat shabby. Shaw is capable of his own kind of delicacy—his letter offering financial aid to Mrs. Pat is a charming example of it. But it was one of Stella's complaints that of the two she alone behaved like a gentleman.

And here there is an odd twist. When some years later Mrs. Pat wanted to publish his letters in her autobiography, Shaw was adamant against it; nothing must be done, he insisted, which could hurt his wife in any way. Yet a few years later this interlude was not only published but acted. True, the secret of the letters was by then out. But does that excuse this scene? Is there anywhere in literature so caddish a passage as this one in which the King is quite odiously pleased with himself for successfully insulting at one and the same time wife and mistress?

Laurence Tadema, the daughter of the painter, warned Mrs. Campbell against Shaw: "His love is epistolary. He has no respect for the feelings of those who love him," and "He walks into your heart with muddy goloshes and walks out leaving his muddy goloshes behind him." It is the final devastating comment on the affair.

But then, Mrs. Campbell, it is clear, brought out the very worst in Shaw, the cleverer-than-any-man-alive side. And this perhaps because she showed herself capable of standing up to him even at his most bullying. As a writer of letters she is not remarkable: almost nothing of her celebrated wit gets down on to paper. But she does show up as a woman of remarkable force who might have saved him, if he had been able to surrender anything at all to her; from some of his worst failings. Even when the affair was at its height she could tell him, of *The Philanderer*: "I'm ashamed to say I didn't laugh—it offends me. I find it ugly." And she constantly hits the nail on the head in her criticism of him as a writer or a man. "I know where Satan has gotten you Joey, you are *brain-proud*." Or:

> With whom are you quarrelling? Be calm dearest, be gentle with fools. And why take it for granted that your reader doesn't know what you know, and isn't agreeing with you? You seem to have a simpleton always in your mind's eye. The fact is you have too much brain—you tumble up against it.

The rewards of this correspondence are not as many as one hoped for and they are mostly to be found in the incidentals. Mr. Alan Dent has edited it on the most sensible plan imaginable. He never intrudes himself; but keeps us unobtrusively informed about relevant times, places and people, so that we know exactly where we are all the time.

T. C. WORSLEY

CRAFT AND SULLEN ART

Collected Poems, 1934-1952. By DYLAN THOMAS. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"These poems, with all their crudities, doubts, and confusions, are written for the love of Man and in praise of God, and I'd be a damn' fool if they weren't." These are Mr. Dylan Thomas's words in his introduction to his collected poems, and a reviewer's task would be easier if, in his own less hearty tones, he could say ditto to Mr. Thomas and leave it at that. But he is a poet who is both very generally admired (I think he and Mr. George Barker together have had a much profounder technical influence on young poets of the last ten years than any other writers of their generation), and who is also, and sometimes very rightly, found extremely puzzling. He tends to be an excuse among some of his devotees for a revival of the "pure sound" fallacy: "It is so lovely to listen to, and does it matter whether it *means anything*?" So it is important to say that, apart from that general humane and pious purpose, he has a theme, or a set of themes, which cannot be quite so forthrightly stated. The easiest way to think of the theme is as a kind of reciprocal equation between man and nature, tending to bestow on natural decay a human pathos and on human appetite a natural dignity:

> And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose
> My youth is bent by the same wintry fever.

This is not, however, just the pathetic fallacy over again, but a tenable philosophical attitude, which Mr. Empson has called a "pessimistic pantheism": dualism is false, and the forces shaping human and natural existence are not just poetically comparable but actually the same. This equation is the basis, with the help of a background of Bible Christianity, of a rich ambiguous religiosity. Everything is mortal and everything is sacred, and the mortal equals the sacred, rather as the human equals the natural. One of Mr. Thomas's most moving poems, *A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London* ends:

> After the first death, there is no other.

In the setting, the emphasis is on the finality of death: we only have to live and die once, and once is enough, in all conscience. But the line could mean, "After the death of the body, the soul is immortal," and it borrows a great deal of its emotional effect from that logically irrelevant association. The line, in fact, is an almost perfect example of poetic "double-think." And I would say that a good deal of the poetic tension in Mr. Thomas's work comes from a tug in him between an impulse of desperate sadness and one of joyous assertion, and from his great skill in finding verbal patterns that give play to both impulses at once. The "doubts, and confusions," if not the "crudities," are part of his quality, and one's question about some of the later poems (*In Country Sleep*, *Over Sir John's Hill*) is whether he is a little too deliberately suppressing the desperately sad and forcing the joyously assertive note.

The positive note, however, does come through even in the earlier poems (the note of "And death shall have no dominion") not only where the images in themselves seem cruel and terrible but where the statements, to a carping critic, might seem nonsensical:

> . . . that Day
> When the worm builds with the gold straws of venom
> My nest of mercies in the rude, red tree.

It is easy to make fun of these lines by the prose-paraphrase method: worms don't build nests in trees out of straws, and if they did the straws wouldn't be poisonous. But the Day, I take it, is that of Judgment, the worm is mortality, the rude, red tree (crudely constructed, daubed with blood) the Cross, "gold" and "straws" working against each other suggest the trashiness of what we value most (the man with a muck-rake) and reciprocally the value for an innocent eye of what we hold trashy: the venom probably is the poison of original sin, the "happy fault" of Adam's fall without which we should not need nests of mercies—"tree," for "cross," helps us to refer back to Adam. (Perhaps also there is an echo of religious humility—the sinner is a mere worm—and of the horrible Moravian image of sinners as little worms sporting safely in Christ's wounds; then you would think of the "rude, red tree" also as the crucified body, remembering that the shape of the Cross is modelled on that of a human body with its arms outstretched.) This is a good example of places in Mr. Thomas where what looks like sounding nonsense makes real and complex sense when you take its bearings. There is another example, I see, on the opposite page:

> Because the pleasure-bird whistles after the hot wires,
> Shall the blind horse sing sweeter?

To "whistle after" hot wires suggests to me to whistle because one wants them; but the meaning is that some song-birds can be blinded with hot needles to make them sing, but this does not apply to horses, which do not sing in any case. The effect is of a kind of tragical, rustic wit, the Fool in *Lear*.

The puzzles, the riddles, of this kind do not always work well together with the magnificent sonority, which tends to lull the mind away from asking questions. In some of the best of the more recent poems there is a purer if less intriguing use of sonority without puzzles, as on a beautiful villanelle owing something in shape and tone to Mr. Empson:

> Do not go gentle in to that good night,
> Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
> Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

It is hard to say anything sensible about sound effects, and my scansion there is approximate and tentative. But it is clear that "age," which is half of a spondee, has not the same emphasis as the two "rages," which, at different pitches, are monosyllabic feet; it is as if the feebleness of "age" suddenly reasserted itself in the two "rages." Then the long diphthong of "dying" brings in a pathetic fall again ("dying," as sense, for me works along with "gentle"); and the spondee which just might be an iambus at the end of the first line, plays "good night" against "good-*night*." These are trifles, but constant attention to such trifles has made Mr. Thomas the most masterly verse craftsman of his generation. One might refer also to *The Conversation of Prayer* (a moving, direct, and human poem, on the theological theme of reversibility, with no obscure images) where the "trick," if one may call it so with all proper respect, is the predominant use of monosyllables, giving a slow and grave movement, and a peculiar salience to the disyllable when it occurs:

> Who climbs to his *dying* love in her *high* room . . .
> And the child not *caring* to whom he climbs in his *prayer* . . .

Notice also the italicised device of plangent echo. I once described Mr. Thomas's voice as a gong booming over a sea of treacle, but his poems are much more than pieces written for that extraordinary instrument; though it helps to have heard him read. He is a narrow poet, as well as a deep one, and it would be silly at this stage to try to "place" him: but perhaps he belongs

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with the major minor poets (say, Collins or Smart) rather than with the minor major ones (say, Gray or Arnold). It is good anyway to have these poems—some of them, like the wonderful *After the Funeral* have been unobtainable in their original volumes for years—in one handsome book. I think this collection should both consolidate and raise his reputation. G. S. FRASER

MY LIFE, MY LIFE

Don't Look Round. By VIOLET TREFUSIS. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Period Piece. By GWEN RAVERAT. *Faber.* 21*s.*

The Lilac and the Rose. By SUSAN TWEEDSMUIR. *Dickworth.* 12*s. 6d.*

Between the Lights. By ADA WILLIAMS. *Hart.* 15*s.*

"Everything becomes legend," observes a Norman Douglas character, "if the gentleman will have the goodness to wait." This truth, at once melancholy and consoling, is the key to all autobiographical writing, and so to its curious difficulty. For experience has no shape at the time of its happening; put into words, it assumes a design, and loses for ever its first and original quality. Can we ever quite believe our own stories? To deal honestly but not tediously with the natural untidiness of life—such is the autobiographer's problem. It is least well solved as a rule by actors, diners out, the travelled, the famous and their friends: best by those by whose ground is a small and repetitive one.

The author of *Don't Look Round* must straightaway be named an exception. Not only does she come from a world where the real and fantastic are one ("The King"—Edward VII—at their Scottish home—"was very kind to us children. He had a rich German accent and smelt deliciously of cigars and *eau-de-Portugal*") but she has a perceptible literary conscience—perhaps through her affinities with France. So, if the unhappy young tutor turns out to be Hugh Walpole, the lover Julian Grenfell and the gauche childhood friend Vita Sackville-West, Mrs. Trefusis is, as a writer, equal to these occasions. "One thing was common to them," she notes of the Sackvilles, "a detachment, part morgue, part melancholy, which in the end drove them to seek in nature the stable compensations they had failed to find in their fellow creatures."

Insufferable, she admits, as a child ("backward and sultry" is her phrase), insisting, on one occasion on being given a fifteenth-century Doge's ring instead of a doll from Sir Joseph Duveen's collection—she was educated on a system of "geographical bribery"; since countries are her passion, and her love both tender and analytic, she makes acceptable even the spasmodic material of travel. The least fortunate experiment was an adolescent period in Munich. After six months, her mother came out to inspect.

> She had left a fairly presentable young girl, unobtrusively dressed in Woollands' coats and skirts; now a budding Gretchen met her gaze, fatuous, shapeless, wearing a silver watch-chain round her middle with a silver watch worn in guise of a sporran. "My poor child!" she exclaimed. "You can never leave Germany!"

Still, leave it she did, going thereafter to Spain, Italy, Russia (in 1936), but chiefly and always to France, which is the background to much of her story. Her book is sometimes sad; it is nowhere commonplace; it is always touched with wit.

Mrs. Raverat takes, on the other hand, a single scene, thoroughly observed. A grandchild of Darwin, she writes of her Darwin relations and her Cambridge childhood, also of family life, servants, clothes, conventions, the status of the young, the rich ("self-righteous and interfering"), the poor ("protecting themselves with an impenetrable secrecy"). "I have no hesitation in saying that our generation was much too carefully brought up," writes the author with characteristic directness, as she looks back to the rebellious, unaccommodating girl whom she describes with so little vanity and a humour so brilliantly concealing its seriousness.

Leisure, as any of these books will remind us, is a first condition of English eccentricity and in the author's family, where large tracts of ordered leisure abounded, so too did this interesting development. We might name Aunt Cara, who could be seen playing tennis "in a ridiculous little black nosebag, tied on with elastic, to keep the sunburn from her nose"; Aunt Etty, one of whose "engaging habits was to alter a phrase in a poem to suit herself if she did not happen to approve of the poet's own version"; Aunt Mildred, who distrusted art in all its forms: "I wonder why so many literary and artistic people have so little power of leading good and helpful lives, it is sad indeed to be born with the artistic temperament"; Grandmama, who observed of Tennyson's play *Queen Mary*: "It's not nearly so tiresome as Shakespeare"; the adored Darwin uncles (five, including her father) kindly, bearded, Philistine gentlemen, "quite unable to understand the minds of the poor, the wicked or the religious."

Period Piece, always delightful, is perhaps at its best when the author is presenting a situation which has since lost its sharpness—the entire distinctness in outlook of adult and of child. Thus, as a chaperon, for instance (a use to which she was frequently put) she was invaluable.

> I think the lovers must have both feared and hated me; for surely they must have guessed how deeply I despised them. It seems to me now that, though I could not have said so at the time, I always knew exactly what they were after; whether it was a serious affair, or only a flirtation; and which of the two was the pursued and which was the pursuer. Fortunately I was not, like a child I have heard of, tormented with doubts, as to what her duty would be supposing the gentleman should suddenly kiss the lady. No such improper idea would have occurred to me; I merely fixed my eyes calmly on the couple, and observed the poor fools as coldly as a man of science might consider a pair of courting earwigs. I am not at all surprised that none of the romances put under my care came to anything.

Mrs. Raverat's writing, in fact, has the deceptively easy manner of her drawings; and these tell so much so pleasantly, that one looks at them for a long time, and then again.

The Lilac and the Rose (the title is an indication of its charm) is on a slighter scale than either of these books, but covering the same time and scene, and some, too, of the same characters, it has echoes of them both. Here is the large country house (Moor Park, in this case), with its winter cold, its ennui, and its beauty; the servants whose veiled gloom could cast a shadow on a household; the parties as a young girl would see them; the many, many relations—Aunt Mamie, for instance, who had endured such difficulties in making the daily journey from St. James's Place to Gower Street to study art; who now, with her husband Lord Lovelace, deplored the spread of bathrooms, seeing "no reason why the countryside should be drained of water in order that the middle classes might wash in comfort."

Lady Tweedsmuir's parents, she tells us, were both agnostics; her father a William Morris Socialist as well. She herself chose to do social work under Mrs. Humphry Ward. Musing on "the unblushing snobbery of even the nicest people," on the "rural realism" of a society based on landed property in their attitude to marriage; on the haphazard nature of education provided by a governess chosen for her morals rather than her teaching ability, and on the strange memories of children in which people are for ever doing the same things, she contrives to be at once inside and detached from the time that she recalls.

Living within the same years, the last autobiographer gives us a differing picture. Undramatic poverty in a village setting is the subject of *Between the Lights*; its dream-like manner, fluid, nimble yet vague, perhaps comes nearest of all to the truth of recollection. The children singing their favourite hymn:

> Within the churchyard, side by side,
> Are many long low graves,

the mother at her sewing machine, the gipsies roaming endlessly in and out of the hospital ward where one of their number is dying, the obstinate schoolgirl, the foster child reclaimed after years by its parents—these rise and then vanish. Under the surface the tale runs on, tantalising us with its hints and withdrawals, touching us at the same time by its grave simplicity. Its quality is delicately caught in Bernard Brett's fine drawings.

NAOMI LEWIS

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eye but excite the imagination. It is a form of art that is beautifully adapted to the subject since, as Signor Maraini says himself, "the west explains, the east implies." Thus the portrait of Kanchenjunga rising snowily clear in the distance while in the foreground shadowy bell-like flowers overhang goes beyond its pure lyricism to an intimation of the peace and reassurance, the exaltation, that are to be found in great mountains. Illustrating a definition of Nirvana, Maraini uses three monks' faces picked out by overhead lighting from a background dark as night; a subtle device, suggesting both the loneliness of human life and the black mysterious sea of non-being to which it must ever strive to return. He has the nervous poetic imagination, the swift grasp of possibilities inherent in the material, and the mastery over technical means that show the great photographer, and every one of the pictures here is a thing of delight.

Signor Maraini was much taken up with the daemonic and the supernatural in Tibet: Colonel Ekvall concerns himself rather more with its human and earthly side. His book describes with vigour and charm the experiences he had in the country over a number of years. He is a man of warm sympathies and stout heart, and broad-minded to a point which might occasion a raised eyebrow or two among his stuffier colleagues, although it was greatly appreciated by the sturdy inhabitants. "Ah, wild one of a true Tibetan, foreigner though you are!" exclaimed one of these with approval, as the reverend gentleman outlined his highly un-Christian plans for beating off an expected raid on his house. He enters happily into the life around him, and writes so simply and modestly of himself that one too easily forgets what an achievement it was for a stranger to be so fully accepted. The fact that the monks of the Sechu lamasery allowed him to settle among them is an example of it, even if it was partly done as a wipe in the eye for the Gurdu monastery, which had refused him. He is even called in to advise on "affairs" or disputes, which occur with great frequency and, as long as no blood has been shed, can be settled after prodigious flights of oratory and interminable haggling over payment; and once he acquires enormous prestige by persuading a Chinese General not to invade the country, the General being, as it luckily chanced, only too eager to withdraw.

Strange rich characters with names like Slab Face and Stretch Ears flit in and out of the story; it appears that almost everyone has some such rude expressive name which is never used to his face and of which he feigns ignorance. There are vivid sketches of great Tibetan events like the Festival of the Butter Images, when the people borrow each other's husband or wife in a splendidly carefree manner, and the pilgrimage to Lhasa. It is altogether an admirable portrait of a land of contrast, of benevolence and savagery, wisdom and lunacy, magnificence and squalor; and the author's love for it is implicit in every line.

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Nothing, of course, could be more proper than for an account of Whistler the man to start off with an anecdote. And Mr. Pearson has selected a portmanteau anecdote. An American from Massachusetts was once so rash as to accost the Master in a London restaurant with the remark that they were fellow-townsmen, born in successive years.

> Whistler raised his eyeglass, secured the attention of the other diners with his sharp "Ha-ha!" and replied: "Very charming! And so you are 68 and were born at Lowell! Most interesting, no doubt, and as you please. But I shall be born when and where I want, and I do not choose to be born at Lowell, and I refuse to be 67!"

The more one looks into this speech, the more one finds, till in the end it seems to contain nearly everything: Whistler's social militancy, his rejection of the North, his "insistence on having sprung fully armed from nowhere," his gallant stand against decay, his dislike of reality—and his unflagging self-advertisement. Only the last ought to be first. It is what hits one first; it is too apt to be the sole impression; and time, alas, has staled its almost infinite monotony. Not is that quite the worst. Whistler's "refusal" to be born at Lowell, if not amusing, is just silly; whereas his lamentable "Very charming!" sets the teeth on edge.

In fact the chronicler, who might at first appear to be set up—with so egregious a figure, and with all the stories—is really working shallow soil. By now a great part of his subject has evaporated. Indeed at times we might be reading of a social figment—an "invisible man", who disappeared when there was no one to show off to. This is, of course, disproved by evidence. Whistler's art was real enough; so were his family attachments. On his essential charm, the biographer has only to quote Walter Sickert, who (long after the usual breach) described him as "a beacon of light and happiness." Coming from such a source, the tribute is unarguable. On his public effect, no witness could have been more competent than Ellen Terry, who bracketed him with Oscar Wilde as "the most remarkable man she had known": meaning that both were "instantaneously individual and audacious" in a supreme degree. But what, of all this, has survived? How much ("audacity" apart) can the biographer *exhibit*? Only a trace; whereas two other dicta, also first-hand, are verified at every turn. Degas said: "You behave as if you had no talent." And George du Maurier: "Nothing is more fatiguing than an egotistical wit."

And the wit, too, was volatile. As Mr. Pearson says: "The show depended on the showman. . . . He startled people into laughter with an unexpected phrase, a look of amazement, a sudden manual trick. . . . His eyes glittered with vitality, and even the hair on his head seemed to be active." No doubt, but then we were not present. There remain the quips, and on the whole they have kept badly. Anything glummer than the "brilliant" passages with Oscar Wilde one might go far to seek. Wilde did, on one of these unfortunate occasions, add a human touch —"It is true, Jimmy, we were talking about you, but I was thinking of myself"—but Whistler dropped it from the record. People must *not* think of themselves; they should be solely concentrated on the Master—or, to be more exact, the Master's counterfeit, his careful image. Which, in the long run, was his error. Mr. Pearson admits that, "taken in more than small doses, he is perhaps the most unreadable writer of note in the English language"; and this he blames on the too polished style. I should have thought it was the substance that became a weariness. The charm of the unique is not profound; we are all thinking of ourselves, therefore the sayings that live are those to which all bosoms can return an echo.

Of course, if Whistler the man seems to be nine-tenths Whistler the showman, that is no fault of the biographer's. It suits him, though. James Laver's *Whistler* has the advantage of grace and depth, as well as of priority, but Mr. Pearson gets a lot more in. His book is at once lively and exhaustive; all the old stories are retold with spirit, and there is quite a group of new ones.

K. JOHN

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The Home Chef. By LUCIE MARION. *Duckworth.* 16*s.*

The Ambitious Cook. By FRANCES DALE. *Lehmann.* 30*s.*

The anxiety of the British about their cooking manifests itself regularly at this time of year in a seasonal outcrop of new cookery books. Surely *this* book, we think, or *this* recipe, will make a difference! If I understand about *roux*, if I keep a stock-pot, if I buy a pressure cooker, a vegetable mill, an electric mincer. . . . Alas, no: it is an illusion. The basic problems remain the same. Good food takes much longer to prepare than to consume. Real cooking is a lot of trouble, is messy, and requires intelligence. And as most people expect to eat three times a day for the duration of their lives, those who are obliged to cook for them had better be enthusiastic. True enthusiasm for food, and the temperament which does not grudge time spent in the kitchen, these are the real essentials, the ones that, as a nation, we conspicuously lack. Our real trouble is being bored with food.

If ever a mere book could arouse the divine enthusiasm in the young (and you must catch it young, or never) its name is *The Young Cook*, and its author Philip Harben. He has the advantage of addressing his readers at an age when to be allowed to cook at all is still a treat, and his own infectious enthusiasm, well known to television addicts of both sexes, is no less valuable. How wonderful, how nourishing, to be Mrs. Harben! I am bound to say that I have never read a cookery book that I like better. It contains all the things the intelligent twelve-year-old will want to try, and no more; and everything is explained in such a lucid, friendly way that failure, even for the stupid and clumsy, should be impossible. And then, what splendid sense, what good feeling and right principle,

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DENT

to begin the book with the baking of home-made bread! Before handing the book to my young daughters I shall make a note or two in the margins, which perhaps Mr. Harben will not consider too impertinent. For instance, home-made bread keeps much better if a little fat is melted in the mixing water, and has a sweeter, crisper crust if the loaves are baked directly on the baking-sheet, without a tin. But oh, Mr. Harben is so sensible! He points out that mushrooms need never be peeled, that fried eggs are excellent eaten out of the frying-pan, and that if you are wise you "do not follow the instructions on packets of frozen vegetables." He has the gift of conveying enthusiasm, knowledge and confidence in a few simple pages, and there must be few things in the world more difficult than that.

For the adult beginner there is Muriel Goaman's *Anyone Can Cook* (depends what you mean by cook) which defines poaching as "to cook for a minute or two in boiling water" and remains throughout on this reassuring level; and *Good Housekeeping's Basic Cookery in Pictures*, which goes on the principle that if you *see* a photograph of an egg in a frying-pan, you believe that frying an egg is possible, even for you; which is sound enough. It is always a pleasure to study realistic photographs of food; they give one ideas for the day much more readily than reading recipes.

Lady Peacock's little handbook is a specialised one. She believes, with reason, that it is easier to keep a good table if you have a serious store-cupboard behind you, full of home-made preserves, and her book is a treatise on how to fill that cupboard, even in days of sugar shortage. She also has an eminently sensible chapter on home-made bread, which certainly can, as she insists, turn the plainest meal into a luxury.

The authors of *Hungarian Cooking* and *Sultan's Pleasure* are unashamedly bent on increasing the fun of cookery, and can be handed with confidence to any spirited amateur, though I cannot see them being so well received by the dour professional. Elisabeth de Biro's book is not so exclusively Hungarian as its name implies, which recommends it to me the more. My gastronomic memories of Budapest are chiefly of tough meat exacerbated by tzigane orchestras, and too much beetroot and paprika in everything. It is not like that at all: it combines interesting dishes with economy of treatment—the best kind of economy, which is simply the elimination of waste. If Mrs. de Biro's impassioned arguments do anything to convince the English housewife that sour milk is valuable and should never, never be thrown away, she will not have lived in vain.

Sultan's Pleasure is pure fun, and practical too, for it tells you everything in the world that can be done with yoghourt, skewers and rice. Vine-leaves play an important part in Turkish cookery: I look forward to making my outdoor vines contribute next summer to the pot. One needs, perhaps, a certain virility to relish dishes with such oriental names as Women's Curves ("rissoles distinguished by their roundness, their smoothness and their richness in flavour"), Glad Eyes, Women's Dimples, Sweetheart's Lips (a fried sweetmeat). They cannot be to everyone's taste, even in Turkey (or so I hear), and one would not wish one's best efforts to be greeted with falsetto screams.

We now come to two very serious books indeed, *The Home Chef* by Lucie Marion and *The Ambitious Cook* by Frances Dale. The first is a thoroughly workmanlike volume of French cookery, addressed to those who already know how to cook, and who wish to know more. There are no pictures, no writing down, no concessions to stupidity; just two hundred or more closely packed pages of invaluable information. It is well written, makes excellent thoughtful reading, and of this whole collection of cookery books is the one for my money.

Frances Dale's book is more esoteric. It has a rarefied, self-dedicated way of going on with which I find I have less patience than I would have had, say, fifteen years ago. Miss Dale's dishes, beautifully photographed on velvet and in colour, are in the tradition of the great Edwardian chefs, who liked to get up every form of food to look like frightfully elaborate blancmange. It is very grand, of course, to know how to do ornamental scroll-work with aspic and coloured batters, so that a mousse of *foie gras* can be presented as a green duck and a lobster as a birthday cake, but it is rather a waste of time, and most people nowadays prefer food that looks like food, and is not covered with heraldic and geometric devices in pink, blue and green cream. It is fun to read, admittedly, and the illustrations powerfully remind me of that best and funniest of all serious cookery books, the great tome of Monsieur Pellaprat, which must, for the pure essence of enjoyment, be read in the English translation, where the gems of accidental humour are as exquisite as the recipes. Still, if I carp at Miss Dale's too reverent, too traditional and artificial presentation of food, I must give credit to her astringent chapter on The Modern Housewife, whom she exhorts to consider her predecessors and count her blessings, instead of perpetually whimpering over her difficulties.

MARGARET LANE

FUNNIES

Peter Arno's Sizzling Platter. *Hale*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
The Best of Dorothy Parker. *Methuen*. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Around the World Backwards and Sideways. By ROBERT BENCHLEY. *Dobson*. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Pal Joey. By JOHN O'HARA. *Cresset Press*. 7*s*. 6*d*.
The Privileged Classes Then and Now. By LT.-COL. FRANK WILSON. *Constable*. 10*s*.
Fourth Leaders from *The Times* 1952. *The Times*. 9*s*.
Even Oddlier. By PAUL JENNINGS. *Reinhardt*. 9*s*. 6*d*.
Beds. By REGINALD REYNOLDS. *André Deutsch*. 15*s*.
Racing Without Tears. By CAROLINE RAMSDEN. *Hart-Davis*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

"See you," we used to say by way of farewell—and was it before or after we took to saying "Abyssinia?"—"see you in the funny pages," or the "funnies" for short. The funnies as a mirror to nature: here is the latest batch, English and American: what do they show us now? Not, in Mr. Arno's dazzling drawings, exactly ourselves. We have no comic draughtsman to match him and can therefore laugh at his rendering of American life with complacency, noting from his pages that the American male suffers still from the effects of too-early weaning and that the American female's outstanding characteristic is her mammiferousness. Mr. Arno's world is generally what is called "café society": jolly old lechers, looking sinisterly like English elder statesmen, fling sparklers round the necks of toothy floosies; drunks droop in bars; wives are elderly, corseted and grim-beaked. Clergymen who can only be Episcopalian bishops stalk through from time to time. The convention is the *New Yorker's*, but Mr. Arno gives it his own twist: the vigour of his draughtsmanship makes his comments scarifying and delightful; and once or twice, as in "Judicial Ire" and "Meeting of the Board," he achieves a Daumier-like intensity.

The Best of Dorothy Parker (but where is "Wit like Whistler's?") is, we are told, the first collection of this author to appear for ten years. That no doubt accounts for it: we are ten years older, and Mrs. Parker isn't so funny as she once seemed. "Bitter-sweet" is probably the adjective; the tears are wry, but they are tears all the same, and the sentimentality makes the wit sodden. The stories have the period interest of the review sketches we used to see in Charlot's and Cochran's shows; as for the verse, it is to Edna St. Vincent Millay's as hers was to Housman's. Over-familiarity is part of the trouble, and this is true, too, for *Around the World Back-*

wards and Sideways, which is far from being the best of Benchley. Here, the absurdity isn't absurd enough, the quandaries have too few tentacles. All the same, there is an amusing parody of Proust, and Mr. Gluyas Williams's illustrations are as pleasant as ever.

Pal Joey makes one feel a bit sad mainly because of one's regard for *Appointment in Samarra* and *The Doctor's Son*. Pal Joey, a crooner who describes himself as the "poor man's Crosby" and who is much preoccupied with "mice," writes letters from "Chi" to pal Ted, a dance band-leader in New York. The chief thing about these letters is the miss-spelling of common words. A wan character emerges, but the general effect is of Damon Runyon drowned not in soda- but in tap-water.

And what of the English funnies? Lt.-Col. Wilson is concerned in his book of drawings with the contrast in the social scene between now and last century. The drawings are admirable in the affection with which the contrasts are represented, and what is especially pleasing is that Lt.-Col. Wilson's affection takes in the present no less than the past; he is the pure humorist, and his observation is unerring. He is neither over-nostalgic nor snobbish, and he catches the English present, particularly in its rural aspects, faithfully. *The Privileged Classes* has a justly appreciative preface by Mr. Peter Fleming.

Fourth Leaders from The Times offers us the portentous spectacle of "The Thunderer" trying to be funny: the resulting gaiety is, I think it must be admitted, a trifle elephantine. The attempt, gallant as it is, is probably impossible of realisation: a public institution cannot have a private face. What is fascinating is the style *The Times* assumes when it affects slippered ease: it's exactly the prose of the writers of what are called "prestige" advertisements, of those "poems" that celebrate both all that is best in our traditions and beer on Underground platforms: "Night falls early, the wind whines; leaves, heard but not seen, scurry before us as we come towards the lighted windows of our homes . . ." But what fourth leaders attempt, Mr. Jennings, the best of our younger humorists, does almost perfectly. As *Even Oddlier* shows, he keeps up a remarkably consistent standard. He "gets" the immediately contemporary scene exactly, and he is always the private face in the public place. Like the best humorists, like Chesterton, whom he occasionally suggests, he is always moved to wonder at what he sees, and he explores a country bordered by fantasy on the one side and poetry on the other. Mr. Haro Hodson's drawings illuminate as well as illustrate his text.

Mr. Reynolds has both learning and wit, but in *Beds* he has overlaid them with a quite damnable facetiousness. The best part of the book is where Mr. Reynolds is most serious, his attack on the use of bedpans in hospitals. Elsewhere, for all his omniscience, on couvade, bundling and the like, he bores with his excessive brightness. *Racing Without Tears* is a funny only by virtue of Miss Marguerite Steen's drawings, which are not so much illustrations of the text as punning comments on it. It is really a glossary of racing terms. The definitions are written in a pleasantly personal way; and only my ignorance of the subject prevents my saying the book fulfils a Long-felt Need.

WALTER ALLEN

Suggestion for Christmas: The reprint of the *Selected Letters of T. E. Lawrence*, edited by David Garnett (Cape, 15s.); *The Essential R. B. Cunninghame Graham*, selected and introduced by Paul Bloomfield (Cape, 15s.); two World's Classics (Oxford, 5s. each)—Shaw's *Plays and Players*, and *Leonardo da Vinci's Notebooks*. Oxford have also issued revised and expanded editions of the *Oxford Book of Italian Verse* (18s.), and the *Oxford Book of Portuguese Verse* (15s.). There has been a re-issue of Trevelyan's *History of England* (Longmans, 30s); and the fourth volume of his *Illustrated Social History*, on the Nineteenth Century, has now appeared (Longmans, 25s.).

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Lodestar. By FRANKLYN M. BRANLEY. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Prince Among Ponies. By JOSEPHINE PULLEIN-THOMPSON. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Billy Bunter's Beanfeast. By FRANK RICHARDS. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Moon Ahead. By LESLIE GREENER. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The most popular subjects for juvenile reading seem nowadays to be Space and Ponies, the former offering fewer travel complications than the latter. Rocket ships appear to function perfectly, while ponies may suddenly develop warbles, or turn faultily on the forehand, or make you look a ninny at the gymkhana by running full-tilt into a double-oxer.

In *Rainbow and Speedy* we are in Ireland, with Oonagh (" honest and uncomplicated and straight as a die "), old Aunt Ada, the Ballyduff Fair, Romance (of a milk-and-water kind), and a great deal about quadrupeds. A reading will put you right on saddle soap, string girths, lunge reins, hogged manes and will enable you to say with conviction, " He's developing muscle on his quarters and building up condition on his loins."

Miss Hamilton is good at noises. There are snipe (" Shhhh ! Shhhh ! "), blackbirds (" Kek ! Kek ! Kek ! "), pheasants (" Cock-cock "), more pheasants (" Whirr ! "), swans (" Hompa, hompa, hompa,"), guns (" Bang ! Bang ! "), and an alarm-clock (" Brrrrr "). You know, of course, how to call a yearling ? Yes : " Coup, coup, coupalong."

It is 1971, and Jack Strong of *Lodestar* is off to Mars with a Mr. Warwick and Dr. Charles Shallot (" lively on the tennis-court ") in a radioactive isotope plutonium-propelled rocket. Jack is neatly dressed for travelling in an immaculate one-piece tan coverall of high-grade virgin wool gaberdine.

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Preface by

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BATCHWORTH

With the team snug in their acceleration corsets, Dr. Shallot presses the activator button and away they go. Food for the journey is " a health beverage " called Brogerm, part meat broth and part wheat germ oil : it comes in edible wrappers, all ready for the pressure cooker ; " You know, Doctor, I believe I'm going to like this Brogerm. It has a flavour all its own." Well out in space and whining along at 25,000 m.p.h., Jack and Mr. Warwick play chess, Mr. Warwick opening with P-K4, smartly countered by Jack with Kt-QB3.

The first close peep at Mars is encouraging (" It's beautiful, so colourful and cheerful-looking ") and, should they chance to meet any giant amoebas, Mr. Warwick knows what to do : " First, try to make friends." Arrival is charged with emotion, eyes glistening all round, and, after Mr. Warwick has put on a dashing bow tie, they tog up in plastic pressure-suits lined with packs of silica gel, head globes, and khaki helmets (" These served not only to keep the hair out of their eyes . . . "). An early find is " a piece of fabricated metal. It looked somewhat like a gear and a shaft." Dr. Shallot considers this cheering : " This means there have been civilised beings here," he says, to which Jack replies " Golly, Dr. Shallot."

You may care to know that Martians in 1971 have huge heads, are emotionless, eat tomatoes, have a " clean, sweet smell," admire hair (" Mahkee will do anything if you let him stroke your moustache "), and have a vocabulary containing *puh*, *wush*, *wok*, *ling*, *sut* and *hak*. They also hold the view that the inhabitants of the Earth are derived from primary cells in " colonising pellets " shot from Mars. Well ?

Prince Among Ponies, which is well written and tip-top for ponyphiles, starts strongly : " The worst thing in the world is to have unhorsy parents." Despite this rare disadvantage, Sara and Patrick get on splendidly with their half passes and learn what to do in the Handy Hunter Class and how to change legs. It is ponies, ponies (" Gosh, aren't they super ? ") all the way, with the gymkhana (Miss Hapsley in plum-coloured jodhs), snaffles, dressage, pelhams, and remembering to twist curb chains anti-clockwise. In next to no time they can say " His impulsion is terrific " and are able to remove mud with the dandy brush, sweat with the sweat scraper, grease with the body brush, and the grease on the body brush with the curry comb. What then removes the grease from the curry comb I cannot imagine.

With *Billy Bunter's Beanfeast*, one need only assure readers that the staggering Mr. Richards and his creations are as they were and quote a passage to prove it.

> " Collar him ! " hissed Skinner. " Here, I say—wharrer you up to—gone mad ? " yelled Bunter, in surprise and alarm, and Skinner and Co. suddenly and unexpectedly fell on him on all sides. " I say, you fellows—leggo—yaroooh !—oh, crikey—I say—whoooop ! "
>
> " Collar him ! "
>
> " Scrag him ! "
>
> " Oh, crikey ! Yaroooh ! Help ! . . . Keep that gum away, you rotter—yow-ow-ow-ow ! Keep that bat away, you smudge ! Yaroooooooop ! "

Are there some fresh Bunter expletives ? I do not seem to remember " Wooooooooogh ! " " Urrggh ! " " Oooooch ! " " Wurrrrggh " or " Groogh ! " It is, of course, the exact number of *o*'s and *r*'s to which I refer.

In *Moon Ahead*, the rocket-ship *Shining Rock*, " the finest job in laminar-flow construction ever done," is made from a smooth piece of aluminium-beryllium alloy and is just one hundred and ten feet long. Provided with geared wedge-bolts, armoured gyroscopes, Professor Adrian Rumbold (author of *Perturbations of the Moon*) and, suitably, a man called Brock, they set off. Speed : 14,000 m.p.h. Dress : moon-suits. Food : lobster salad and coffee globules. Tone : jolly.

They share the Moon with the mysterious Group X (" Disappointing, isn't it ? "), and their adventures are on the tame side. They rescue Professor Elias Boronokassy, of Berlin, a scientific pen-pal of Professor Rumbold's abandoned by Group X (" No sense of humour at all "), whose rocket, with a bent fin, or something, is doomed to twirl in space for ever. One wonders if Professor Boronokassy would have preferred what is described as moon-silence to the merry jokes echoing round the aluminium-beryllium walls. Perhaps he really wanted to be left on the Moon. I would. ARTHUR MARSHALL

FROM THE PAST

The Gentle Falcon. By HILDA LEWIS. *Oxford* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Brother Dusty-Feet. By ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rich Inheritance. By WINEFRIDE NOLAN. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sealskins for Silk. By EVELYN CHEESMAN. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

I, Captain Anson. By RONALD SYME. *Burke.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Young Harry Tremayne. By ROLAND PERTWEE. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Caught by Revolution. By GEORGE SAVA. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

These books range in time from the reign of Richard II to the Russian Revolution. All involve much travelling by horse and ship and two describe voyages round the world. Some are based closely on sources ; others are free reconstructions. Three are studies in loyalty to a failing cause ; the loyalty of a girl to Richard II and his child queen, of an Elizabethan Catholic family to its faith, and of a Russian naval cadet to his Tsar. But children do not judge their historical books by period, place, sources or ideology. If they like historical books at all they seem to like them for two sensible reasons : for the adventures and romance of good stories which can only be told convincingly in the setting of the past, and because they enjoy acquiring information of a practical kind—about ships and discoveries, armour and castles, crafts and costumes. They are easily repelled by elaborate evocative writing, psychological studies, difficult archaisms of language and the obviously sugared pills of textbook history.

The Gentle Falcon (Hilda Lewis) is the most ambitious and the least successful of the [redacted] It tells the story of the last years of Richard II as seen by a girl called to court to attend the child queen and caught up in political and emotional conflicts. The book has colour, pageantry, spying, disguises and an exciting escape. But its whole tone and treatment will, I suspect, alienate most children. It is hard for a child to sympathise with loyalty to Richard II, here depicted as a charming but cruel and moody neurotic, or with devotion to his child queen, represented as sad, subdued and speaking " as a woman grown." Nor are children likely to respond to the frequent stage directions designed to tighten the emotional tension.

Brother Dusty-Feet, by Rosemary Sutcliff, has nothing of high politics or tortured emotions, but should be a great success. A young boy and his dog escape from a disagreeable aunt to join a company of strolling players in Elizabethan England. There is a great deal about acting and dressing up, a fair, the loss and recovery of the dog, an adventure in the mists of Romney Marsh, a splendid fight between the players and surly villagers introducing the stocks and Sir Walter Raleigh, and the foiling of a wicked uncle by the dramatic skill of the players. Children over twelve may be put off by the touches of sentiment and whimsy and find it rather slow-moving, but the mixture of adventures, descriptions and stories told by one of the players seems just right for the younger readers. The other book on Elizabethan England, *Rich Inheritance*, by Winefride Nolan, is expressly described as for Catholic children and is dedicated to Campion. Parents who fear that it may be disagreeably pietistic or that it recounts the triumphs of the faithful over hideous sufferings and ruthless persecution can be reassured. It is a quiet, well written and

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wholly plausible account of a Catholic family in the setting of a Hampshire farm and the busy streets of Winchester; and there is just enough alarm and excitement to carry the reader through the admirable descriptions of rural life and the comic and picturesque bustle of a county town. It is a girl's book rather than a boy's, but not for Catholic girls only.

Both *I, Captain Anson* (Ronald Syme) and *Sealskins for Silk* (Evelyn Cheesman) are based on contemporary records of voyages round the world in the eighteenth century and can be strongly recommended for older boys with an appetite for authentic information about ships, travel and naval warfare. *I, Captain Anson* is a tough and unsentimental account of a commerce-raiding cruise against the Spanish in the War of Jenkin's Ear. It is uncompromisingly realistic in detailing the perils of scurvy, storms, mutiny and fights on land and sea and very effective in bringing out Anson's resolution and resourcefulness. Edmund Fanning's voyage round the world in the 1790's, which is the main theme of Miss Cheesman's *Sealskins for Silk*, took much the same route as that of Anson, but its object was the very different one of peaceful trade. It is described in a quiet, almost domestic tone and sometimes rather carelessly written. Yet interested children will probably find it the more rewarding and enthralling of the two for its wealth of fascinating detail about trade, birds, animals, Pacific islands and the wonders of Canton.

Roland Pertwee's *Young Harry Tremayne* is compounded of much more conventional ingredients: smugglers, highwaymen, press-gangs and the adventures of an English boy in France when Napoleon was planning his invasion of this country. But it is told with professional skill, dialogue which both fixes character and drives on the story, and a zest which only a very dull boy could resist. It is simply an adventure story in an historical setting and no one will learn much about England and France in the Napoleonic period from it. However, no well-disposed uncle who wants to give pleasure to a nephew of twelve to fifteen will mind about that.

In *Caught by Revolution*, George Sava continues the story of the Russian boy whose early adventures he described in *A Boy in Samarkand*. This sequel lacks the spontaneous freshness of the earlier book just because it does try to show honestly and naturally how a Russian boy of the aristocracy was made aware of the rottenness of the Tsarist regime and of the scale and sweep of the Revolution. Much of this is effectively conveyed by incidents and conversations in the little world of the naval academy; but as that world collapses too much of the political story has to be told in terms of rumours and conversations overheard by the boy and letters received by him. The book recovers impetus with the boy's flight across and escape from Russia. But although this book deals far more successfully with the impact of a revolution on a child than does *The Gentle Falcon*, it lacks the complete clarity of action and subject matter which will make a child forget about tea-time.

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Ebenezer the Big Balloon. By DIANA ROSS. Illus. LESLIE WOOD. *Faber*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Hare and the Easter Eggs. By ALISON UTTLEY. Illus. MARGARET TEMPEST. *Collins*. 4*s*.

Walt Disney's Story of Alice in Wonderland. *Collins*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The poet, said Marianne Moore, should be able to create imaginary gardens with real toads in them. The proposition is as true for writers of children's books, and remains true if you turn it inside out. So many of the best are able to create real places for their imaginary animals to inhabit. Only in the mind's eye does a toad sit in a small rocking-chair twiddling his thumbs and saying: "No teeth, no teeth, no teeth"; does a marmalade cat wear blue-and-white striped pyjamas and dance the can-can with the prettiest young lady at the café-concert. But the Cumberland bank and ditch that Mr. Jackson inhabited, the Dieppe that Orlando visited, have been observed by eyes that are very wide open indeed. In the best children's books, both the imagined and the observed are equally believed in; and my quarrel with so many of the stories about mice, engines, squirrels and steam-rollers is that while we may be persuaded to accept these heroes themselves, the backgrounds against which they move are so perfunctory, existing solidly neither in this world nor in the author's head.

That is really the trouble with the pseudo-Potter books. Alison Uttley's are the best, with a feeling for animal character and an occasional touch of wit. Hare, in her latest story, at one point finds himself literally jugged. But she is not well served by her illustrator. The world inhabited by her animals does not derive from real places patiently observed. It is an unobservant townsman's generalised notion of "the country" nourished from other bad pictures. There are no roads back into Nature.

Kathleen Hale's new creature Manda is a Jersey calf who travels with a passport and wears a mackintosh with a hood: but she moves through places that her creator has looked at with affection. There is a Welsh farm-parlour and an Irish cabin, a Channel steamer and a donkey with turf-baskets, men in caps at the races and Manda in a black mantilla among them, fact treading hard on fancy, fancy on fact, till they merge in a midnight revelry of twelve little black Irish cows dancing to the moon in delicate black night-gowns.

So in the new Orlando. The marmalade cat has such a large and faithful following that however high Miss Hale pitches her fancy—here a foal called Cupid leaves hoof-marks the shape of tiny hearts—her readers will swallow it. But she backs up these flights with wild touches of truth: of course, cats would see gladioli as "cod-white," and the pictures of Owlbarrow are the result of a truly Lancaster-like relish for the architecture of seaside resorts—chalet and villa, pebble-dash and half-timber.

Orlando bounces higher than ever, but the spring has gone out of the elephant family and the latest Babar isn't so happy a sequel. One is grateful to Laurent de Brunhoff for prolonging the series—he gave up his career as an abstract painter, it appears, to carry on his father's invention—but a sense of effort is evident. Is this how Babar would behave? how Arthur would talk? The new story is on the dull side, and the design of the big pictures a bit of a mess. But it is by the high standards of its series that it disappoints.

Not for a minute does one doubt Mr. Bemelman's grip of Paris. There it is in his pictures—Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, Tuileries, Opera, Place Vendôme. Through it march twelve identical imaginary little girls—eleven after Madeline goes to hospital—and Miss Clavel, their nun-like guardian. There is a certain charm about the pictures: but oh the doggerel underneath in which the story is told!

> And soon after Dr. Cohn
> Came he rushed up to the phone
> And he dialed: DAN-ton-ten-six
> "Nurse," he said, "it's an appendix."

So it lurches, hops, jerks, stumbles on. The sophistication of such false naivety may be to American children's liking: here, it impresses juniors as incompetence.

All those authors who illustrate their own books are at an advantage: they have two chances of imposing their vision on us. Dorothy Craigie and Graham Greene do show, though, that it can be done as a pair; so do Diana Ross and Leslie Wood. Mr. Greene believes in his horse-bus with a soul which chases a hansom-cab manned by burglars across London, and he believes no less firmly in a London where Mr. Potter the grocer lives in danger of being taken over by the Hygienic ("which only means clean") Emporium ("which only means shop"). And he believes most of all in the superior goodness of the humble and shabby and personal, for the end of the affair is that sometimes dreams come true and sweets are free to children in Mr. Potter's rescued shop. Sometimes the points are made in the words, sometimes in the pictures: and it is meant as a compliment to both to say that, after five consecutive request readings, the burglars entered the dreams of a five-year-old boy.

Ebenezer is about a balloon that floats away from the Fête at Taddlecombe to land up in North Africa, so winning a prize pig for the English boy who sends him off and ten shillings for the Arab boy who catches him. There is a nice sense of place both in Diana Ross's characteristically lively narrative and in Leslie Wood's illustrations, as the scene moves from the Ebenezer Baptist Chapel by way of France and Spain to the balloon's resting place up a palm tree. A gay and intelligent book.

"What long words these strange folk use to be sure, says the heroine of *Walt Disney's Story of Alice in Wonderland*. It is really pointless to get hot under the collar about this horrid book and mutter "Off with his head," for there is nothing of Carroll here by the time Alice has summed it up: "I'm finished with rabbits." But then one remembers that there may be conscientious elders who will pick this book up at the toy fair in the big store and think they are giving their children *Alice in Wonderland*. It isn't just a matter of regretting Tenniel; it isn't even just a matter of regretting Carroll; it's a matter of deploring that hideous, blatant vulgarity and utter barrenness of imagination should be peddled under an honourable name.

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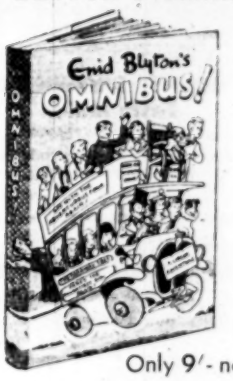

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SEEN across the waters of the Gulf of Salonika, Olympus with its triple peaks is the most immediately impressive of European mountains. Against the background of dawn or sunset, its precipitous northward-facing wall gleams an unearthly marble-white. And, though few travellers may have had the good luck to observe the strange phenomenon described by Dr. Seltman—when, emergent from a level bank of cloud, the dazzling snow-capped summit is magnified out of all proportion to its flanks and foothills—in any conditions and at any hour of the day Olympus suggests the impregnable bastion of another and more exalted world. Its divine inhabitants were doubly fortunate. Not only was their ancestral home, like almost every site they frequented, rarely beautiful and well-placed; but, thanks to their inherent vitality, they survived the elaborate system of religious beliefs from which they had originally sprung. Julian the Apostate foresaw the complete disappearance of the ancient pantheon that he loved and respected. His encounter with the aged priest, seated on the grass-grown steps of a dilapidated temple, clutching in his arms an old and scrawny goose—probably the last sacrifice he would ever bring to the god's shrine—had seemed to typify the death of paganism and the victory of the new order. He could not have foretold that, after a thousand years of triumphant Christianity, the Olympian Twelve, moving to the sound of pagan flutes and cymbals, would miraculously reappear from the chaos of the Dark Ages.

Such a record is surely unequalled. Representatives of a religion that had ceased to exist, they invaded the scholar's library and the painter's studio, pervaded the imagery of the greatest verse and found a niche amid the sculptured ornament of the noblest buildings, took up their stand along garden-walks and stooped to admire their reflections on the mirror surface of fountains, pools and cascades. Constantly changing, they were constantly re-evoked. Botticelli's Venus is not the Venus of Rubens; but each of them derives her attraction from the same supernal ancestry. Pope's eloquent and sententious Augustans bear little resemblance to Lemprière's jaunty amorists, who, in their turn, are difficult to reconcile with the clean-limbed, high-minded projections of Kingsley's Tennysonian fancy. Yet they have their roots in an identical corpus of myths, and owe their survival and continued exuberance to the imaginative genius of the Hellenic peoples.

That genius at first worked slowly. Since the publication of Frazer's *Golden Bough*, a somewhat different and more critical attitude towards the characteristics of the Olympian gods has begun to be adopted, even by the general reader. The gods and goddesses whom Homer depicted did not leap into existence fully formed, but assumed their classical shape during the course of ages, incorporating numerous relics of older and more primitive cults. None of the Olympians had quite forgotten his or her barbaric past; and scattered up and down the mainland and islands of Greece stood temples in which these shapely and sympathetic deities were represented by uncouth animal-headed statues, or by anointed and garlanded lumps of uncarved wood and unhewn stone. Modern scholars are quick to accept such hints; and, in an absorbing series of brief but graphic essays which he calls *The Twelve Olympians*,* Dr. Seltman portrays both the divinities of the classical universe as they were understood and revered by a cultivated citizen of Athens or Corinth during the fifth century before Christ, and the crude, sanguinary, often non-Aryan prototypes to whom they may be traced back. Dr. Seltman's book is, in the best sense, a work of skilful popularisation; and the reader whose recollections of Greek mythology are growing dim and colourless—*The Heroes* is far behind him: his Classical Dictionary is gathering dust: translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* have remained unopened for the last decade—has now an opportunity of re-visiting a main source of modern art and literature, the fabulous spring beneath the crags of Parnassus, at which our humanist ancestors mixed their wild and heady brew.

The Gods of Greece (we are usefully reminded) in common with their fellow gods, were usually born of a conflict followed by a compromise—the conflict being that between the earlier Mediterranean races, matriarchal and polyandrous, worshippers of the Great Goddess, "whose cult existed in Iran, Babylonia, Anatolia, Syria and Cyprus, as well as in the Greek lands," and whose names included Ishtar, Ashtoreth, Astarte, and the patriarchal races which had descended from the North, bringing with them their simple "sky" religion and their belief in a divine family, headed by Lord Dān and his consort Mother Dā. These northern invaders, Dr. Seltman assures us, were "already very tolerant people." Having themselves married the daughters of the conquered, they did not attempt to uproot the cult of the Great Mother to which their women were so warmly attached; and "what occurred was the domestication of the once-free polyandrous and independent goddess," who in Argos became Hera, the Lady, and in Attica and elsewhere Dā Mater or Demeter, both spouses of Dān or Zān or Zeus, the omnipotent, patriarchal and deeply masculine sky-god. Meanwhile the sky-god, too, had suffered considerable change. One of Dr. Seltman's most instructive chapters is concerned with the gradual evolution of the blue-bearded Poseidon, the divinity of a landlocked race who became the monarch of the open sea, as soon as his pastoral worshippers had reached the Mediterranean and learned the use of decked ships. Uninstructed readers must often have been puzzled as to why a marine deity was also the patron god of horses. Among the epithets attached to Poseidon was Hippios, the Horsey-one; and in his original form he was HORSE *par excellence*, the divine Stallion whose thundering hooves, as he led his untamed herd across the grassy steppes, earned him the title of Earth-Shaker. Demeter herself was at times a mare; and it was in the shape of a mare, covered by the Poseidon-horse, that she had conceived her daughter Persephone. As for Poseidon's royal trident, which for three centuries has figured on our British coinage, it was at first a three-pronged thunder-weapon with which the redoubtable sky-god smote and shook the earth's fabric, but later was fitted with a shaft and, because of its resemblance to a fish-spear, was brandished by Poseidon as sovereign of his watery realm. Today a traveller beside the Aegean may catch sight of half a dozen Poseidons at large upon the harbour-wall, peering down into the translucent depths and probing with their predatory tridents among tangles of coloured weed and heaps of rusted tin-cans.

Though Zān or Zeus was the Olympian leader and father, Poseidon or Potei-Dan remained his elder brother; and where dissensions and disputes broke out, "arising from a scandal within the Olympian family . . . it was Poseidon as head of the family—not Zeus"—who intervened to compose the quarrel. Thus, when Hephaistos trapped his consort, the exquisite Aphrodite and her lover, the boorish Ares, in the magical net that he had woven round their nuptial bed, and the younger Olympians gathered with laughter and loud and ribald comment, Poseidon, we are told, advanced "unsmiling," begged Hephaistos to let his prisoners go and promised to stand security for the punctual payment of the adulterer's fine. He gave his word to the offended husband that Ares should not evade his dues.

Zeus, however, was still the Supreme Deity—and yet as complex a creation as the monarch of the unharvested sea. He had originated, it is true, in the steppes of the North; but he had gathered many of his attributes from the highlands of the Middle East. The repulsive *Theogony* that Hesiod propagated is now known to have been based on a group of Hurrian-Hittite monster-tales, compiled by Asiatic theologians about 1500 B.C., handed on to the Phoenicians and by them eventually transmitted to the Greeks. Hence the unpleasing legend of Kronos, the cannibal begetter of Zeus, who castrated his father Ouranos and tirelessly devoured his infant children. Zeus escaped the jaws of his unnatural parent and, when his supporters invaded Greece, lived to wed the Great Mother. As that fascinating and terrible divinity had taken every Spring a fresh consort—the boy-lover-god who afterwards met Adonis's fate—he was believed to have visited her in numerous disguises which always sheltered the same godhead. From this belief—and, incidentally, from the desire of aristocratic Greeks to establish their divine parentage—came the innumerable reports of the Olympian monarch's light loves, his seduction of goddesses and nymphs and high-born mortal maidens. But he was not so promiscuous as his Christian detractors alleged; and careful examination of Zeus's amatory career reveals no more than "one wife, one ex-wife, and—over a vast span of centuries—fifty-three mistresses." He was also capable of sustained devotion and had wooed Hera for three hundred years, before his "vegetable love" flowered at the mysterious shrine of the Heraion, a renowned sacred place in the north-west Peloponnesus.

One must add, moreover, that out of the legend of Zeus the Greeks evolved some of their noblest conceptions of the relationship between God and Man. The glorious and puissant athlete poised to hurl his thunderbolt,

* *The Twelve Olympians: Gods and Goddesses of Greece*. By CHARLES SELTMAN. *Pan Books*. 2s. 6d.

envisaged by the artificer of a magnificent bronze drawn up from the sea near Cape Artemisium and now in the museum at Athens, presently helped to inspire an early type of monotheism.

> Oh, Father, cleanse our souls, grant us to find
> Wisdom wherewith Thou governest all aright,
> That honoured thus we too may honour Thee,
> Hymning Thy deeds for ever.

—wrote a Stoic, Cleanthes, during the third century before Christ; while other writers spoke of him as Father and Saviour and benevolent Keeper of the human race, whose goodness was inexhaustible and who gave himself to all men. When the Apostle Paul wished to define his idea of the Divine Fatherhood, it was to Cleanthes he turned and to an earlier poet, Epimenides. "In Him we live and move and have our being" and "For we also are Thine offspring" have been recognised as direct quotations, addressed by an accomplished Hellenist to his pagan audience. Among the weapons he employed to dethrone the Olympians, and expel them from their golden houses, were these sonorous lines that had once been composed by philosophers in their own service.

PETER QUENNELL

ELEUSIS

Sinuous among grasses the glossy ibises
Stalk in the marsh beside the Sacred Way.
Bright the beach with wet pebbles
Eyeing the sun, and round the curving bay
The grizzled olive-groves and drift of gulls.
Walk, traveller, amid the profusion
Of marbles: read, trace from their confusion
The line of portico, the lift of walls,
The sculptured coil and convolution
Of intertwining barley-stems: imagine now
The fit of abacus to architrave.
Here wheat and grape and olive lie
A sempiternal harvest scattered in the sun.
The ghost of music whispers from the cave,
Funereal, though it cannot die.
For life and death to earth are one,
Eternal resurrection writ in stone;
In one the womb, the temple and the grave.

KENNETH A. WOOD

THE POLE

The landscape changes.
The rivulets, the fish, the birds wheeling South
Sail to seek another city.
The moving deserts of the sea are still.

We are thrown back on the springs behind the seasons.
There is no escape from the dream under the ice.

The landscape changes.
Mountains arise where there were none before.
A tree becomes a great harpoon in earth.
Its roots are drowned. Its boughs plucked clean as caribou.

Temperature is drained underneath the snow.
Familiar landmarks disappear.
Memory, a scarecrow in a land of ghosts,
Confounds its own identity.

The animal freezes inside its fur.
Flesh feeding on flesh takes refuge
In the white night of terror
From a brutal ambush of frost and teeth.

Man is caught within this constriction of life.
Sacred only is the breathing-hole of the seal.

The landscape changes
Blizzards raging through the dark
Playing a fountain of deception on the senses
Consume the unwary at invisible doors.

A cloud no bigger than a man's hand
Lays spells like traps in the night
For furry animals full of fear.
Our eyes close on the dark night of the soul.

We have tried to re-arrange the patterns of time
Into a snare to capture the timeless.
Till we ourselves are caught
In our own snare.

Nothing lives but the dream under the ice
In the nakedness of being, encountered at the Pole.

J. F. HENDRY

THE MAN WITH THE PIPE

Stanley Baldwin. By G. M. YOUNG. *Hart-Davis.* 21s.

This is a scrapbook, not a standard Life. But some of the scraps have a tang. Mr. Young found no diaries to work on, and few notes or letters of personal interest. The book, therefore, is largely based on public records of events, helped out by stories of what Baldwin told him, and of what other "friends" and "colleagues," nearly all anonymous, said or wrote from time to time. Mr. Young is monotonously anti-Labour, which Baldwin was not; and much more anti-Baldwin than the latter could have expected when, "rather languidly," he invited Mr. Young to write his life.

For fourteen years, from 1923 to 1937, Baldwin and MacDonald alternated as Prime Minister. For the last six years of the period they served successively each under the other. Through those fourteen years we were sick of the palsy. We neither consolidated the peace after the First World War, nor prepared to defend ourselves under the shadow of the Second, nor gathered enough strong friends around us to drive off the shadow, nor showed any capacity, under any Government, to fight mass unemployment, or to shape a bold new social pattern.

Mr. Young's account of the political and financial crisis of 1931 is very thin, and in some details quite inaccurate. The Labour Cabinet, he says, refused to agree to MacDonald's proposal to cut unemployment benefit by 10 per cent., "Snowden and Thomas alone dissenting." Actually, a weak majority of the Cabinet agreed to this proposal, and the Government only broke up because a strong minority were prepared to resign rather than agree. Nor does Mr. Young bring out the fact, for which there is good evidence, that Baldwin and MacDonald, with a few other cronies, had long laid their plans to form a "National" Government at an opportune moment. These two got on well together. "Rarely," says Mr. Young, "have the leaders of two parties lived on such terms of political intimacy and regard." They had a certain mushy-mindedness in common, and both liked watching the clouds. But Baldwin was the more attractive character.

In 1923-4 "MacDonald regularly sent Foreign Office papers of consequence to Baldwin, with whom he was at greater ease than he was with many of his colleagues." And Baldwin, I guess, was nearer than MacDonald ever was to Harold Laski, three of whose letters to Baldwin are quoted. "I do hope that you will feel that we who are academic Socialists rejoice in your great victory today" (at a Tory Party meeting in 1930, when his leadership had been challenged) "as though it were that of a personal friend. It is not only that you yourself hold a quite special place in our affection. . . ." I hope that Kingsley Martin may be able to give us, in his Life of Laski, the other side of this correspondence.

In 1940, "after the fall of France, Baldwin was advised, or warned, not to come to London," and when the iron gates of his country house were not taken by Beaverbrook in his drive for scrap, a Tory M.P. asked, "does not Lord Baldwin need them to protect him from the rage of the people?" The reason was that he was judged to have admitted in his speech in November, 1936, that, in Mr. Churchill's words, being Prime Minister,

> he had not done his duty in regard to national safety because he was afraid of losing the election . . . . an incident without parallel in our Parliamentary history.

The excuse given by Baldwin in that speech, and by Mr. Young in this book, is the East Fulham by-election in October, 1933, when my friend, John Wilmot, scored a sensational Labour gain with a turnover of 9,000 votes. The excuse is that this was a pacifist victory and showed that the British people would not vote for arms. This is a myth. Neither John Wilmot, nor I, nor most others who spoke for him, were pacifists. We were for collective defence, to which we must contribute our share, through the League of Nations. Already some of us smelt Hitler's brimstone in that autumn air. But we were still demanding that the MacDonald-Baldwin Government should do its utmost to achieve a General Disarmament Treaty, which should bind Germany, too, and we asked the Fulham electors for a vote of censure on Ministers who, for more than eighteen months, had quibbled, obstructed and delayed at the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, until all hope and all goodwill had faded away.

The Labour Party in Parliament at that time was very weak, after the 1931 *débacle*, and unrepresentative of the Labour Movement outside. But both on the National Executive and on the General Council of the T.U.C. there would have been a majority for rearmament, if Baldwin had told the country the truth about what Hitler was up to. Yet not till twelve months after Fulham did Baldwin make for the first time the hesitating admission, "I think it is correct to say that the Germans are engaged in creating an air force." And four months after that Hitler told Sir John Simon and Mr. Eden in Berlin that Germany had already caught us up in the air, and would soon be far ahead of us. And it was true!

Mr. Young relates a long string of incidents, many of them now familiar, to illustrate Baldwin's lack of interest in foreign affairs and his general mental laziness.

> He could not bring his mind to bear on anything that did not interest him.
>
> Foreigners made him peevish or sent him to sleep. I once asked him, "You remember your interview with Poincaré?" "I do indeed," he answered with a wry mouth. "Did you ever talk to any other leading men in Europe?" "No," he said simply, "I didn't like them."
>
> "I wish I had more energy; then I might have done something, and I have done nothing. But one must not expect to see results. I am always telling Winston that."

In the Abdication he got results; he could concentrate long enough for that. And there was no real choice, though two Fellows of All Souls, living out of the world, urged Attlee and myself to make the Labour Party a King's Party and fight an election, as the King's Ministers, against Baldwin and all the Churches.

Baldwin could concentrate enough to show himself, as Mr. Young proves by many apt quotations, "a great orator, a master of pathos and humour, noble declamation and conversational grace." He had, when he chose to use it, great personal charm. He tried, with some success, to lower the temperature of party politics and to diminish bitterness. He gave a lead, which few followed, immediately after the First War, by making a thank-offering of one-fifth of his estate to the nation. "How can the nation," he asked in an anonymous letter to *The Times*, announcing his gift, "be made to understand that love of country is better than love of money? This can only be done by example. The wealthy classes know the difficulties of a universal statutory capital levy. Let them impose upon themselves, each as he is able, a voluntary levy."

Yet, in spite of all that is amiable and even endearing in Baldwin, it was a terrible risk and a tragic waste of rich opportunity that such a man held so much power, so little used, so long.

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DAKERS

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The Writer and the Absolute. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Methuen.* 21s.

In the lunch hour, behind the National Portrait Gallery, one sometimes sees a pair of street entertainers who start a turn which I have never seen the end of. They are torturer and victim. The former, rather contemptuous of his audience, puts the victim into a sack, binds him up with chains and then promises, with brilliant digressions, repetitions and rhetorical climaxes, to show the man getting out of it. The state of unresolved crisis is magnetic and exhausting, and the show is an object lesson in the art of being ruled by a masterly procrastinator who has the art of distraction to a "t." The ingenious and resourceful sufferer, it occurs to me, may be the writer in present-day society; the entertainer is, possibly, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, that busking pamphleteer who is always going to clinch a handful of vigorous arguments in a minute. The delay in clinching is partly a matter of art, partly nature: Mr. Wyndham Lewis is excellent in dramatic suspense, because he himself is always breaking off to catch a new idea. A book like *The Childermass*, for example, was always held up by the swarm of new ideas that paralysed the original inspiration like an endless attack of wasp stings. If this has weighed against Mr. Lewis as a satirist, it has turned him into a hypnotic talker. He is our only Continental, our only café writer.

For centuries the imaginative writer had a long struggle with the religious absolute; now he finds himself at grips with the political absolute. What is his situation? What ought he to do? What degree of freedom can he hope for? What is his relation to politics in this transitional period? Chained up, a little more every day, how is he going to wriggle out free? Such is Mr. Wyndham Lewis's subject. It has already accumulated a large platitudinous literature. The English position was made as clear as it was possible to do, by George Orwell; but it is a special case. No one, except the tiny group of Communists, would inveigh against literary freedom in England; our freedom is not denied by ideology, but worn down by the attrition of circumstances. To have the kind of freedom the English writer had in the 19th century (as Mr. Lewis says), to believe in it in the same way, depends in practical terms, on belonging to a society that is rich and powerful. To the extent that they still live on that capital, English writers are free and are cushioned by condition and temperament against the extremities to which the discussion has been taken in Western Europe and effected behind the Iron Curtain. There is, therefore, a degree of unreality in the terms under which we debate the issue in England and Mr. Wyndham Lewis, somewhat scarred by old fights, has turned to Camus, Malraux and Sartre for his material. The attraction here is that the French intellect has no fear of extremes, no social forbearance, and lives habitually in a state of civil war; the only doubt one has is noted by Mr. Lewis. We can put it like this: the war and especially the Occupation have had the effect of fixing a good deal of the French debate in what, for us, is the discarded quarrel of the Thirties.

Mr. Lewis distinguishes of course between the views of these authors and their imaginative work. The satirical blow-lamp is used to strip the paint off the former. Camus retains his respect, but he regretfully thinks the protest against imposing opinion by fiat and violence has become meaningless today. We live on dwindling islands or in infested wildernesses. Sartre is the critic's chief victim, because, Mr. Wyndham Lewis thinks, he is a political flirt who has only taken over Marxism in order to insure himself against the obligations of joining the C.P. On this Mr. Lewis is in withering high spirits and, surely, quite unfair. Malraux is a flirt, too; but he turns to violence in order to escape from "nothingness." Here and there one catches what may be a flash of Mr. Lewis's own opinion. For example, he has no time for writers who say they are swamped by history, and who talk of writing out of "blindness" or "the cyclone" though, in fact, this has produced some good writing:

> It was my contention that the writer should refuse to allow his freedom of thought or vision—whatever might happen to be his other freedoms—to be affected by the most oppressive conditions of which history is capable. Mine was I believe—regarded from that angle—a more *heroic* counsel than the somewhat theatrical cult of the hero outlined by Sartre. . . . As to the employment of existentialism as a mental specific for a period of great crisis: a pessimistic metaphysic actually invented for History's helots would be, as it were, *lyrical thinking*. The Volga Boat Song or The Welsh Bottle Song would answer the purpose better than a metaphysic; and of course any thinking must be discredited which dresses Truth up to accord with the bleak inclemency of History at a given moment.

I always duck when I hear Mr. Lewis say "of course." As far as I can make out from his provoking performance he is for fighting tooth and nail for the absolute necessity of the writer's freedom before the object; and he is scornful of surrender to any absolutism, in the name of the necessity of the hour. He makes a good point when he says that the people who speak of the Freedom of the Press, do not by any means mean the freedom of the artist. "A collectivised world is certain; it may even be fairly tolerable; it will at any rate keep the sheep safely grazing. But the writers must keep clear. They must be neutral, the inhabitants of an invisible Switzerland. The first place in which writers should preach and practise freedom is among themselves; other writers are a writer's first public. If that is debased, the end has come. He is very melancholy, as any believer in freedom must be today, but the irony is as pungent as ever. He fires off in bursts all round and he has put life into a subject which is usually stiff with good intentions.

The book ends with a characteristic study of George Orwell who is described as a natural Right-winger who went "pink" in a fit of sentimentality and political innocence, and almost purged himself by the end. Orwell's views on the English class system are indeed very vulnerable. He was one of those emotional middle-class Socialists who imagine the working class to be homogeneous; he did not, for example, distinguish between the outcasts and casualties of Wigan Pier and the varying kinds of organised Trade Unionists. Nor can Orwell be said to have understood the English middle classes: for him they were either Fascists or the small rentiers of 1910. But for all that he was not a "natural Right-winger"; he was a Radical, perhaps an anarchist. He was also lost in England because he was a quixotic Scot without ambition. *Animal Farm*, and his essay on Dickens, define his natural creed perfectly. There is plenty of shrewd criticism in Mr. Lewis's essay but I think the taste for the comedies of "pink" politics has misled him into supposing that Orwell did not passionately believe what he said he believed. His thought was touched by that otherworldliness that people pick up at Eton. Sad and frugal, he thought he was the only *honest* Left-winger.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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A Cry of Children. By JOHN HORNE BURNS. *Secker & Warburg.* 12s. 6d.
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In the Making is another "story of a childhood." How well by now we know the pattern! First, the dreamy egocentric bliss of the nursery, then the other-directed inferno of the prep school, and then the great redeeming revelation of Part Three—either stoicism, evil or literature itself, which gives significance and at the same time reconciles the little introvert to Life. Mr. Green has taken over the whole of this banal plot, yet he has written on the whole a most moving novel. With what peculiar art has this resuscitation of the genre been accomplished?

There is, to begin with, an uncommon detachment in his attitude. He *is* at the distance of art rather than the closeness of autobiographical confession. Omitting entirely the conventional torture sequence, Mr. Green concentrates the story on the two main emotional relationships in the boy's life. One of these is with his sister, the other, which replaces it, with another boy. Both are touchingly shown in all the intensity, the silence of a child's love. Simultaneously, Mr. Green reveals the facts of appearance illuminated by this boy's transforming imaginative vision, from our opening glimpse of the infant who sees the nursery fire through the fender as "his caged and fiery tiger" to the final scene where the schoolboy sits writing in the train—"The poem and Felton possessed his mind. The two patterns of his life were achieved." Thus, Randal Thane emerges as a poet; this episode is the first time that he has begun to write poetry, and after Mr. Green's careful preparation one is completely persuaded of the rightness of this often-used final stroke.

Only some annoying minor objections spoiled, I felt, the whole conception. To express violent emotional, youthful experiences, Mr. Green makes a subtle use of fantasy, yet some of his episodes are incredible. It is possible to imagine a master kindly taking Randal and Felton out in his car for an occasional jaunt through the countryside, but the regularity with which this happens in the book is unbelievable. Mr. Green's schoolmaster emerges merely as a chauffeur. Such lapses are, one feels, due to a deliberate and welcome weighting of the scale in favour of forgotten happiness. Quoting as an epigraph Pascal's reassurance to the seeker, "*Ne t'inquiète donc pas*," this Mr. Green is obsessed by what one may call the gained childhood.

The two American novelists under review appear immensely exuberant after Mr. Green's grave manner, but their national exuberance is about all that they share. Mr. Capote poses as an innocent; Mr. Horne Burns is nowadays a moral-

This week in

The Listener

The Reith Lectures (2)
ARNOLD TOYNBEE

The Wealdstone Disaster and Train Control
CECIL J. ALLEN

The Trade Union Case for Nationalisation
WILLIAM J. P. WEBBER

Injustice as a System
A BARRISTER

Reflections on the 'Eisenhower Earthquake'
ALISTAIR COOKE

Soviet Museums: Art with a Purpose
LADY KELLY

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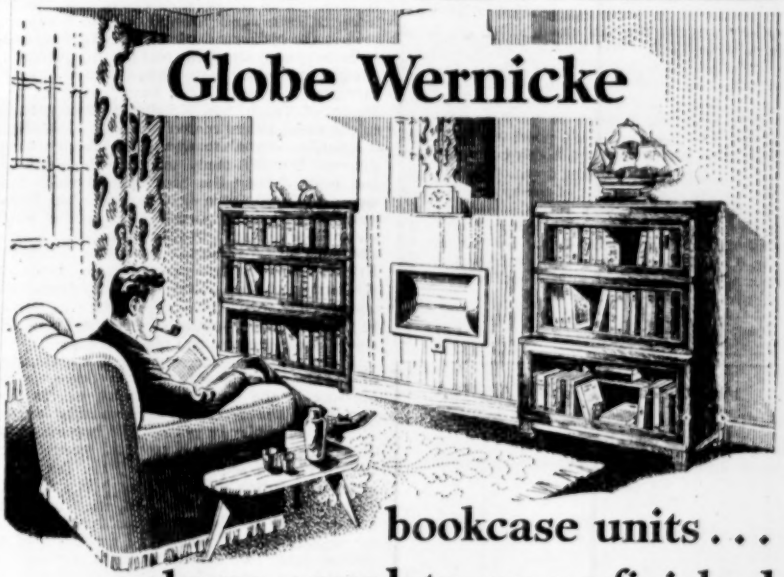
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st. *A Cry of Children* is indeed a pointed fable more than a novel, featuring the contemporary equivalents of Troilus and Cressida and Isobel have a love affair which, after a brilliant beginning, disintegrates, "and that's the quarrel." Mr. Roy Sanford's illustration on the wrapper admirably summarises its elements: the grand piano dominates (essentially to the plot, but very inconvincingly, David is a composer)—this piano is surrounded by stockings, underclothes, and on its top there is a bottle of rye.

Incompatibility not infidelity destroys the lovers. Isobel, a poor girl, who can't (or won't) appreciate his music, is reclaimed by her "crowd," a gang of failures; David is hunted by a hideous prig of a singer whom he meets after having drifted one day into Mass. Fluency and slickness of technique—Mr. Horne Burns makes each of the characters in turn the narrator—cannot disguise the desperate cheating that is needed to produce the final climax. The composer, after the first performance of his concerto, is badly received. Isobel, having been cut by him in public, goes off to an illegal clinic, where the horrors of her operation are minutely described. The earlier part of the book where the affair is followed from its honeymoon to its door-banging phase is skilful, but after that the story degenerates into melodrama.

What was Mr. Horne Burns's aim? "It takes time," runs his first foreboding sentence "and tiredness and tension to hate a city." Like Mr. Auden, his ear to the ground, he has detected "the low thud of the defunct" beneath the brilliant uproar of "the erotic city." But by now the thud is so loud that we are hardly in need of the sensationalism of his story to point it out to us.

Mr. Capote spirits us away from the defunct city of the North to a hummingly vital little American town of the South. The town's capitalist, "a whip-thin, handsome woman with shingled pepper-salt hair, black, rather virile eyebrows and a dainty cheek mole" tries to commercialise her maiden cousin's dropsy cure. The cousin with another dotty spinster retreats to a tree-house in the surrounding wood, trailing the naive young narrator with them. They are joined by a woozy Judge and beseiged by an enraged troop of townsfolk led by the Sheriff. Mr. Capote switches on the whole pantomimic works—a thunderstorm, fire-arms, capture, reconciliation and an autumnal proposal of marriage. Despite all this *The Grass Harp* is a novel of digressions: Both in his highly wrought, highly coloured prose and in his energetic tracking down of eccentricity, Mr. Capote is the novelist of the touch. A touch like the one where at a revivalist meeting the collection is hauled in by children "on God's washing-line" is delightful; but for the sake of Mr. Capote's occasionally brilliant touches one does have to put up with any amount of American whimsy.

ANTHONY CURTIS

INTRODUCING EAST AFRICA

Mrs. Mona Macmillan, the author of INTRODUCING EAST AFRICA, published by Faber & Faber Ltd., has had her attention drawn to the fact that in that book she wrongly ascribed to Mr. E. F. Hitchcock, C.B.E., of Tanganyika certain opinions concerning the constitutional status of Tanganyika and other matters. The author and the publishers desire to apologise to Mr. Hitchcock for this misunderstanding of his views, which they sincerely regret.

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THIS ENGLAND 1949-52

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SPATIAL THINKING

Lord Byron: Christian Virtues. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. *Routledge.* 30s.

The interest of Mr. Wilson Knight's new book is less in the light which it throws on Byron than in the questions it raises about the validity of the critical method of which he is a leading exponent. His publishers state that he here "applies the methods which have proved so fruitful in his approach to literature to a new study of Byron as a personality." Mr. Knight disclaims "any pretensions to biographical skill of the more conventional kind"; and confesses to being "not always at ease with the details of time-sequence and locality." His book is not a biography. His subject is Byron's personality, as his subject in his first important book was not Shakespeare's plays, but the meaning of Shakespeare's plays. He calls his method the "spatial" approach. It is an attempt to counter "our temporal thinking by spatial emphases"; and it is, he tells us, "simpler than it sounds":

> It involves the massed use of materials wrenched boldly from their habitual associations and grouped about various new centres of interest, often with little or no emphasis on the temporal succession from which they have been removed; thereby being loosed from the trammels of false biographical or narrative accretion to be seen afresh as *themselves*; or, to use a famous phrase, they stand *sub specie æternatis*.

Put more simply still, the method is that of the card-index. Having decided which are the important qualities of Byron—or which are the "dominant themes," or "dominant images" of a play or poem—these are then massed together, in the belief that by thus abstracting them from their contexts we reach the personality of the man, or the meaning of the play or poem. Having transcended the temporal or sequential, our minds receive a total image.

I cannot believe that anyone well acquainted with Byron's life and works will feel that the method of "spatial" approach has scored a success. The Byron who emerges so vividly from the *Letters and Journals* or from *Don Juan*, read in the ordinary earth-bound way, beginning at the beginning and going on to the all too rapidly reached end, has been turned into "a figure carved in alabaster." Far from leading us to a Mount of Vision, Mr. Knight has conducted us to the monumental mason's yard or to Madame Tussaud's. Byron's many and remarkable virtues, divorced from his many and remarkable failings, and isolated from the occasions on which they were displayed, turn into a series of frozen attitudes. The only portion of the book in which we are aware of a personality is when Mr. Knight abandons his card-index of quotations illustrating Byron's fondness for animals, his historical scholarship, his goodness to his protégés, and condescends to narrative in dealing with Byron in Greece. Here, suddenly, a personal goodness shines out in its local and temporal context.

The spatial approach, whether to a personality or to the meaning of a play or poem, is the opposite of the method by which we, in fact, apprehend the force of a personality or the meaning of a play or poem. We become aware of a personality through acts and words which have a kind of sequaciousness; the sense of a personality grows in us because it is a sense of something that is, or has been, itself alive and growing. We are aware of Byron's personality as we read his works because we are aware of its development. We become aware of the meaning of a play or a poem by its rhythm, taking the word in its widest sense. The spatial approach ignores development in personality and rhythm in plays and poems. Time is the condition of both drama and rhythm. To the spatial critic, seeking meaning in themes and images, both drama and poetry become unimportant. Thus *Sardanapalus*, a dramatic failure, written in deplorable blank verse, is, to Mr. Knight, Byron's "most exquisite single creation"; and the histrionic withdrawal of the curse in *Childe Harold IV* is quoted with no recognition of its vulgarity of style. Forgiveness cannot be bawled out, even by Titans, without becoming absurd. The flaws in Byron's personality and the flaws in his poetry must be recognised, if we are to understand his genius as a man and a poet.

Is "spatial thinking" anything more than a new name for the old habit of thinking about only those aspects of a personality or a work of art which we find significant and ignoring the others? Its weakness is the weakness of all subjective criticism: it substitutes something else, arrived at by analysis, for the totality which our minds apprehend in the course of a life or the conduct of a poem or play. Its strength, for it is impossible to end any notice of a book by Mr. Knight without recognising how fertilising his books have been, lies in the imaginative intensity with which it recreates those elements which it has selected. *The Wheel of Fire* did not give us the meaning of the plays it discussed, but it enlarged our conception of the meaning. This study of Byron does not capture Byron's personality. How could it? Personality, like meaning, is ultimately irreducible; it is a unity apprehended in diversity. But it gives us a sense of the greatness of Byron, which has so greatly moved its author.

HELEN GARDNER

CHOLER ADUST

The Little World of Man. By J. B. BAMBOROUGH. *Longmans.* 20s.

Why does Shakespeare's Sir Toby propose to rouse the night owl "in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver"? Apparently, because three souls is the quota that all men, even weavers, possess. And since, for sufficient reasons, the vegetable soul is best represented by a triangle, the sensible by a square and the rational by a circle, it follows that a triangle enclosed in a square enclosed in a circle starts at once to Spenser's mind when he comes to describe the House of Alma in *The Faerie Queene*. This is psychology, and fairly simple. But physiology is a different matter. Lemnius recognises, it is true, only two kinds of natural choler, but he goes on to enumerate no fewer than six kinds of choler adust—pale or citrine, yolky, leek green, rusty or brassy, blueish, and black. Complexities of this sort make eugenics difficult, and it is very important that marrying couples should be correctly matched. If a woman is cold and moist she should wed a man who is hot and dry. This will mean, it is true, that she must put up with a lean, reddish sort of person. His hair may even be crooked like a Negro's. For the "third excrement" which forms the hair is apt to become parched and shrivelled in its passage through a more than commonly hot brain.

Mr. Bamborough, exploring these persuasions and many of a like sort, puts it all in the past tense, and agrees that we would not willingly entrust our illnesses to an Elizabethan doctor. Nevertheless, he believes that we are better reading Shakespeare in the light of Lemnius than of, say, Freud, since Shakespeare's characters "are true to the psychology of their day." But is this accurate in any very significant sense; or do the characters merely use the psychology of their day when trying to describe each other? What, we may ask, was the psychology of Fielding's day, or Stendhal's? Mr. Bamborough not yet having advanced down the centuries, we may not clearly know. But that to which Fielding's and Stendhal's characters are true needs no naming, and Shakespeare goes decidedly along with them—nor (as Mr. Bamborough very sensibly observes) is it easy to imagine the author of *Hamlet* reading up the characteristics of melancholy in Bright and De Laurens before beginning his play. The state of mental science in the sixteenth century is a subject of much curious interest in itself, but its impact upon the imaginative literature of the period is superficial or at least indirect. Nevertheless, Mr. Bamborough has written one of the best concise accounts of an important area of Renaissance speculation, exceptionally well documented from English sources.

J. I. M. STEWART

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,188

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes are offered for a Briton's poetical defence (to an American or European) of his non-centrally heated house, cottage or castle. Any verse form; limit 16 lines. Entries by December 9.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,185

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Competitors are invited to submit an extract from a "treatment" of a version of *Mrs. Dale's Diary* either suitable for Home listeners *or* suitable for Third Programme listeners. Limit 150 words.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

A "treatment" may be either a first synopsis indicating the outlines, or it may be written in a more detailed way as an actual sample. Most competitors preferred the second way, and indeed the first is almost too difficult as the few who tried it discovered. H. A. C. Evans and John Digby came closest here. Many competitors thought that the Third (and only the Third was attempted) would naturally break into verse, and for this Eliot was the favourite model with some excellent results. One approach was to leave the Dales as you found them but invest them with an awareness of their situation on the model of *The Cocktail Party*, and this perhaps produced the best entries. Other runners-up were Elaine Morgan, Omris, C. M. Walkendine, J. O. MacBryde, Sally Aldworth and C. M. Grosett. The four prize-winners were so outstandingly the best that it seems kindest to print only them. They share the six guineas equally.

MRS. DALE: I have nothing to do but watch the nights draw in
And catch my breath at the noxious smell in the drains— .
I am speaking of the family, trying to use
A language you will understand, to tell you
Of Bob imprisoned five years for embezzlement,
Of Mother living in sin with Mr. Fulton,
And Maud French eaten by pigmies in Bolivia.
This past will always be present, and in Parkwood
There is no future for a family with a past.

CHORUS (Dr. and Mrs. Dale, Mrs. Freeman):
We know how to deal with ordinary misfortunes
like lost jobs, lost handbags, lost cats.
We can cope with inquisitiveness, hysterics and the measles.
We pay without fail the rates, the bills, the taxes,
But how can we recover our self-respect?
How can we cope with the fruition of a curse?
How can we pay off Those Who Pursue?

GERALD PRIESTLAND

Thought: "The acceptance which a pseudo-statement receives is entirely governed by our feelings and attitudes." (Empson).

Discussed it with Henri over *café complet*. Then he rushed for his train, leaving me thinking. Soon I dropped off to sleep, but was wakened at half past nine by the Prelude in E flat minor. It was Anthea, of course; how that child dotes on counterpoint; must remember to order her a clavichord.

To work: on my translation of Anaxagoras. At mid-day came a knock at the door. It was my Mrs. Grump (what should I do without her?):

"Shan't be coming to-morrow," she announced curtly.

I felt upset: "Then who will wash up for me?"

"To-morrow's Christmas," she remarked, as though to explain.

"Indeed!" I commented (having lost count of the days).

"See you Monday," she snapped—and left.

So it's good-bye Anaxagoras and good-bye Thought.

"*To-morrow is an Holy Day.*"

MARGARET DUNNETT

MRS. DALE: Mr. Merlin! My mind is much confused
By daily conversations with economists,
With critics, writers, artists, theologians
And the like. You, a philosopher, shall
Help to make at least the Fundamentals plain.

MERLIN: Delighted, Madam. First—who are you?

MRS. DALE: I am Mrs. Dale, the doctor's wife. Everyone knows that.

MERLIN: You are the good physician's wife: his spouse;
his helpmeet; his bedfellow; the mother of his
children; his unpaid secretary and receptionist.
BUT—are you not more than these? Are you not
the maiden whom he married? the schoolgirl who
took matric.? the toddler in a tantrum? the
fruit of your mother's womb? the seed of your
father's loins?

MRS. DALE: You talk so fast! But yes—I am, or have Been, these.

MERLIN: Yes—BUT—is there nothing more to you? No
unity in that diversity? no continuity through
the time-series? no binding principle to make
these experiences *yours*, those female entities *you?*

MRS. DALE: Now *I* must ask—what *am* I?

TRUDE: Bitte, ze elevenzez. In Wien
One used to say you are ze Conscious wiz
Ze Unconscious: ze Ego, Superego and ze Id.

MERLIN: Thank you. No sugar. Psychiatry answers your
plea for unity with multiplication. BUT . . .

APPLE TREE

MRS. DALE: Our story's one to make you instructively sick.

DR. DALE: A plethora of petty people, most of them called Gladys or Dick.

MRS. DALE: We shall talk of facials and whist drives, and you won't know what we mean.

DR. DALE: Which might, come to think of it, shed a glow of exotic obscurity on the scene.

MRS. DALE: We give the general impression that the whole thing's about some vague, smug middle-class woman called Mrs. Gibson.

DR. DALE: We shall be a fascinatingly depressing change from Pirandello and Ibsen.

MRS. DALE: In between bouts of our appalling saga (which will spread over several nights),

DR. DALE: A score of your favourite pundits will expound us and our idealised bourgeois rites.

MRS. DALE: If you're ready, we'll begin.

DR. DALE: Darling, is Bob in?

EXPLANATORY VOICE: We note the easy sweet address
Which hides the husband's emptiness:
The use of hearty Christian names . . .

EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS: Fancy Dress

No. 165

It is all very well to repeat the truism that "clothes make the man"; but is it really true when applied to the realm of chess? Is it not our boast—or at least our ambition—to see through all the pretty trimmings and to recognise the *Ding an sich* as the philosophers would call it, the basic idea in its stark nakedness, its undiluted potency, its unadorned grandeur? The question remains: what is a really and truly basic idea, and how many are there of indisputably genuine vintage?

It has been said that really basic story plots and truly basic jokes are so scarce that one would hardly need the fingers of both hands to count them. What about basic ideas in chess composition? I would hesitate to wax statistical, but I am sure that their number is small indeed. One of them, undoubtedly, is this famous study by Saavedra (1895) which I mentioned the other day by way of a helpful hint for solving one of the innumerable epigonal efforts set in a recent competition. Since several readers have let me know that they have never heard of Saavedra, I reprint his celebrated piece with apologies to the more erudite readers who will look at this with the smile of a graduate of higher mathematics confronted with a simple equation. White (to win) pushes the P, forcing (1) . . . R-Q3 ch. Obviously, if the K went to Kt7 or B5 Black could save the day by R-Q2 or R-Q8 respectively. Hence,

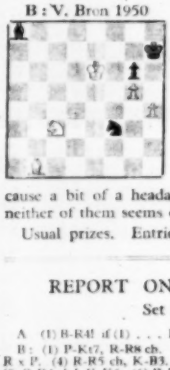
(2) K-Kt5 R-Q4 ch (4) K-B3 R-Q8
(3) K-Kt4 R-Q5 ch (5) K-B2 R-Q5!!

If White now queens the P Black can force stalemate by R-B5 ch. Hence, the P is promoted a mere R threatening mate on the QR file. Black's only way to stop it is (6) . . . R-QR5, but now, by playing (7) K-Kt3 White can threaten mate as well as the win of the R. Here—Hagemann, 1940—is a neat enough little study; yet, when we look through the fancy trimmings it appears to be only yet another of the countless epigonids inspired by Saavedra. White, what with his Q pinned and the Black P far advanced, seems in a bad way, but he can play B-Q5 ch. Now, if the K moves the White Q, happily "unpinned" would use her regained power with devastating effect. Hence, (1) . . . Q x Bch, (2) Q x Q ch, R x Q. Black has got his piece back, but now White plays (3) K-B7, forcing R-QR4, and now, after (4) K-Kt6 we are back with old Saavedra, stripped of the fancy-dress.

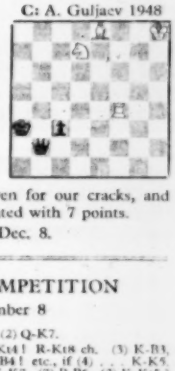
A: Alekhine 1933

It would be easy enough to fill this week's competition—and those for many weeks to come—with further examples of Saavedra, dressed up in every conceivable rig; but it would be too easy. This week there must be only one more concession to beginners: their customary four-pointer. It is a game position reached by Alekhine (White) against an amateur. How did he cause his opponent's resignation by one move? And why? As for **B**—White to win—and **C**—White to draw—they may both cause a bit of a headache even for our cracks, and neither of them seems over-rated with 7 points.

B: V. Bron 1950



C: A. Guljaev 1948



Usual prizes. Entries by Dec. 8.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 8

A: (1) B-R4! if (1) . . . Kt x B, (2) Q-K7.

B: (1) P-Kt7, R-R8 ch, (2) K-Kt4! R-Kt8 ch, (3) K-B3, R x P, (4) R-R5 ch, K-B3, (5) K-B4! etc., if (4) . . . K-K5, (5) R-R4 ch! K-K6, (6) R-R3 ch, K-K7, (7) P-B6, (2) K-Kt5? is refuted by P-B3 ch.

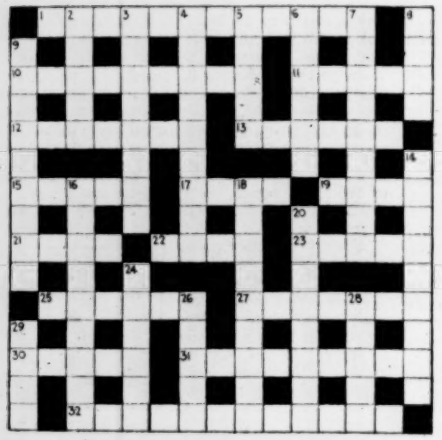
C: (1) Kt-B6, K x Kt, (2) P-R7, K-Kt2, (3) P queens, K x Q, (4) K-B7, P-Kt7, (5) R-R3, Kt-KKt6, (6) R x Kt, P-Kt8 (Kt), (7) K-Kt6, B-Kt6, (8) R-R3! etc. if (6) . . . B-Kt6, (7) K-Kt5! etc., if (6) . . . Kt-Kt6, (7) K-Kt6, etc.

All but two, even of our cracks, dropped some points on either **B** or **C**. Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen and J. R. Harman. The eleventh ladder decade begins next week, but the report on the tenth will have to be delayed a week or two until I am back home from the Continent and re-united with all files and back-numbers. The response to the Rubinstein fund (open until Dec. 9) continues to be most generous and gratifying.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 21

LITERARY



ACROSS

1. Carlyle's German principalities (12).
10. Shakespearian critics are like these Greeks, but have a different heading (9).
11. Clerk enamoured of Lily Dale (5).
12. Sharp instruments are unnecessarily without a tinker (7).
13. Girl with tangled hair (6).
15. Scott's porridge? (5).
17. What Music and Tartar were (4).
19. Queen who evidently had an affair (4).
21. Son of Melchizedek the tailor (4).
22. A colossal mountain removed from its local environment (4).
23. Encyclopaedist without interior decoration is wide-awake (5).
25. "There would he anchor his ——— and die With looking on his life." (Antony & Cleopatra) (6).
27. "Many a ——— and knee-crooking knave" (Othello) (7).
30. River for Nell (5).
31. The story of Lady Isabel Vane (4, 5).
32. A newspaper organizes a red hunt there (3, 9).

DOWN

2. Job's Harry (5).
3. One is made a philosopher by suffering at bereavement (8).
4. Reciters break their instruments before they begin their poems (9).
5. Peerless writer? Certainly not (5).
6. An ex-priest at Rosscullen (6).
7. Poet who has a verse about a market (9).
8. This good companion with a little work might become a performer of many hits (4).
9. Valley income for a Welsh rebel (9).
14. Scribbler who dabbles in the eerie? (9).
16. The hostess's friend upsets teas there (9).
18. A hero discovers one in the descendant (9).
20. Where Manette was confined (8).
24. Secretary of the Watertoast Association of United Sympathisers (6).
26. Wilder things under the skin (5).
28. Lightweight animal a head shorter than Pope's dog (5).
29. Its history was recounted by Smollett (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 23

BOHEA CHARTERS
A O D A P I E M
CURTAIN POMPEII
K T A L E V N
SHELF SPINSTERS
N R T E S T
WASTELAND QUIRE
I I N U N R
STOIC GAMMA RAYS
E H E A R U
APRIL FOOL EAGER
C A E R L U T A
RICHARD ORDERLY
E E V I W I A O
TREELESS GALEN

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"THE Score"—A Music Magazine. December issue contains: Some Notes on Performance (William Glock—Editor); Busoni's Destiny (Roman Vlad); Musical Experience and the World of To-day (Ernest Ansermet); Vaughan Williams (Herbert Howells), etc. From The Ambassador Publishing Co. Ltd., 49 Park Lane, W.1. 5s. per issue or 16s. p.a. (3 issues), post free.

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BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

LEARN Shorthand by December 29 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

GUARANTEED watch repairs by qualified craftsmen. Send yours (registered) for free estimate. Swiss Watch Co., 32, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

SAVE 10s. in the £1. Buy your unrationed tea in bulk. 5 lb pure Indian tea for 12s. 6d. post paid. Send postal order direct to John Bennett & Co., Billiter Bldgs., London, E.C.3, wholesalers for over a century.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

WITNEY Blankets. White with coloured borders. Cellophane wrapped 60in × 80in weight 3lb. each 38s. 6d. 80in × 96in weight 5lb. each 56s. Post 1s. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 104), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

WHITE Nylon, heavy quality, 36in. at 7s. 11d. per yd; Black Nylon net, mesh, diamond or fishnet pattern, 36in. at 5s. 6d. per yd., 27in. at 4s. 3d. per yd. Post and packing 1s. Angel Trading Co., 158 Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

ENVELOPES, 1,000 6 × 3½, 15s.; Duplicator paper qto. 10s. L.W., 7 Newton Av., N.14.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

S. DEVON. House facing South. 2 floors only. 1 rec. opening to verandah. 6 principal bedrooms, etc. Staff accom. & lodge. Garage with flat. All main services. Cent. heating. Freehold. Lovely garden, 4 acres perf. condition. Outskirts village. 3 min. bus 3 miles seaside town. Box 5247.

CHARMING 18th Century tile-hung cottage in rural surroundings. Ashford 5 miles by bus. Detached, 7 rooms, elec. & water. Good garden. Ideal for modernisation. Structurally sound. £1,700. Mrs. Seymour, Oast House, Mereworth, Kent. Wateringbury 82298.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Latest date acceptable Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Chair of Government and Public Administration (Re-advertisement). The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Government and Public Administration and will be pleased to receive applications from candidates whose interests are primarily in the field of Government. Salary will be at the rate of £2,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £231 (Australian) per annum males, £175 (Australian) per annum females). There is a normal retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme, and, in addition, a pension of not less than £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Australia, is January 31, 1953.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia. Applications are invited for a Senior Lectureship in Political Science. Applicants should have a sound background training in either History or Philosophy, and specialist training and interest in one of the following fields of Government: Political Theory and History of Political Ideas; Modern Political Institutions; International Relations. The salary range is £A1,271 to £A1,471. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and Australia is January 10, 1953.

AUCKLAND University College, New Zealand. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Modern Languages. Salary will be at the rate of £800, rising to £950 by annual increments of £50. Applicants should hold a Master's Degree, and some university teaching experience is desirable. Duties to commence as early as possible in 1953. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and New Zealand is December 31, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Arts. Department of German. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in German at a commencing salary of £450 per annum, duties to commence February 1, 1953. Candidates will be required to teach German to students in the Faculties of Science and Social Science, and to help in the general work of the department. Applications (three copies) should reach the Assistant Registrar, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, not later than December 10, 1952. Further particulars may be obtained from C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

THE Nursery School Association of Great Britain and Northern Ireland invites applications for the whole-time appointment of an Educational Director, to be fully responsible for the Association's work, at a salary in accordance with the Pelham Scale, and the post will be superannuable. The appointment will be subject to a satisfactory medical examination. Candidates must have a wide understanding of the needs of young children, be able to conduct educational courses, to address public meetings, and it is desirable that they should have had some administrative experience. Forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, N.S.A., 1 Park Crescent, London, W.1, and should be returned by Dec. 27, 1952, to the Chairman, Nursery School Assoc. at the same address.

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer in Manchester to arrange and produce talks and discussions on wide range of subjects. Candidates must give evidence of informed interest in current social, political and cultural trends. Good education essential. University Degree desirable. Preference to candidates with personal knowledge of North of England and its characteristics. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to £1,065 maximum per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "T.P.R., N.Sm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

NORTH West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board. Applications are invited for a post of Administrative Officer on the Board's staff. The person appointed will be responsible to an assistant secretary whose duties are concerned with the organisation, planning and development of the hospital services. The salary will be £740 × £25(5) – £865 (Less £10 p.a. if under 26 years). Applications with names of two referees to be sent by December 15, 1952, to the Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 11a Portland Place, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences (Mycological research, Biological research, Insect Control and Bacteriology) to a total of eight posts, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including C.E., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers, at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1953 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 20 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer, £628–£786 (men); £513–£658 (women). Assistant Experimental Officers, £274–£366 (men); £274–£490 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men); £467 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant to the Organiser and Tutors of courses in the Mental Deficiency Section of the Education Department. The duties will include administrative work. Ability to lecture or demonstrate in one subject is desirable. Applicants should have experience of practical work with defectives; the Association's diploma would be an advantage. Salary £465 × £15 to £540 p.a. Applications stating age, exp. and other relevant information to Gen. Sec., 39 Queen Anne St., W.1, within 14 days.

CENTRAL Council for the Care of Cripples, Hesley Hall Boarding School for Severely Crippled Children (nr. Doncaster), ages 5–11. Head Teacher and Assistant reqd. non-res. Women applicants only. Burnham scales. For further partics. apply Sec., C.C.C.C., 34 Eccleston Sq., London, S.W.1.

KINDERGARTEN teacher reqd. Jan. A. S. Neill, Summerhill, Leiston, Suffolk.

WEST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant House Father at Littlegreen, Compton, The County Council's Homes for about 65 related children between the ages of 2 and 15 years. Littlegreen is run on "family" lines and the person appointed would be responsible, jointly with an Assistant House Mother, for an all-age group of 16 boys and girls. Friendly, non-institutional atmosphere. Applicants should be interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes and should either hold the Home Office Child Care Certificate or have had wide experience in the residential care of children. Salary £278 4s. per annum, from which £78 8s. will be deducted for board and lodging. Good holidays. Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Closing date one week after the appearance of this advertisement. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

NATIONAL Voluntary Organisation requires experienced Appeal Organiser. Candidates should be women of good education and wide interests, and prepared to undertake Appeals of some months' duration in various parts of the country as required. Previous experience of full-scale Borough or County Appeals essential. Salary £450–£500 according to qualifications. Apply Box 5183.

EDITORIAL Assistant required by Trades Union Congress. Salary scale £560–£734, plus cost of living bonus, commencing point according to experience. Knowledge of Trade Union Movement essential. Application forms available from Sir Vincent Tewson, C.B.E., M.C., Trades Union Congress, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, to be returned not later than December 16, 1952.

JEWISH Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex St., Bishopsgate, E.1. Applications are invited for the post of Accountant. The successful candidate will be required to keep the Board's books, prepare the annual accounts and balance sheet, and supervise departmental accounting. Salary scale £650 × £30 – £900. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Non-contributory pension scheme. Apply in writing, with full personal details and experience, to the Secretary.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council requires woman Bookroom assistant, preferably married and with experience of postal sales. Hours 9–5, alternate Sats. 9–12. Starting salary £5 p.w. Applications to General Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke St., W.1.

ACCOUNTS Clerk (lady) partly experienced, some shorthand-typing an advantage, required in modern offices of National voluntary society. N.W.1. Box 5266.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood, has vacancies for House Mothers and House Fathers to take charge of small family groups of children during out of school hours. No domestic duties. Experience in youth work desirable. Salary £200 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to £320 per annum (women) and £250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to £370 per annum (men), plus full residential emoluments. Pension scheme. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Application form obtainable from Sec., 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

TRANSLATOR (woman). German required by a large commercial undertaking with continental and overseas interests. Applicant must be German by birth and have resided recently in Germany. Knowledge of current technical and scientific terms and good typing speed necessary. Age limit 40. The position is permanent and pensionable at age 55. Write, giving full details, to Box 5044.

MANAGERESS required for Country Club in Surrey. Live in. Good pay. Knowledge cooking essential. Refs. to Box 5263.

ANTIQUARIAN Bookseller requires experienced secretary. French essential. Write Box 5278.

EFFICIENT Typist wanted by City Timber Brokers. Shorthand unnecessary (Dictaphone). French German advantage but not essential. Selby, Ltd., 63 Moorgate, E.C.2. MON. 6741.

SECY. sh. typist requd. architects W. End office. Mon.–Fri. 10–6. £7 £7 10s. Apply F. Skinner, 107 Chevne Walk, S.W.10.

COOK Caterer and Assistant Cook wanted Dec. 23–30 for house party professional people near Guildford, Surrey. Box 5186.

RESIDENT Housekeeper in progressive Doctors' household, S.W. London. 2 children school all day. Good conditions. Girl school age not objected to. Box 5224.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BERLIN Ph.D., 49, by Ministry of Ed. as qualif. recognised male teacher, 16 years private coaching and school exper. various countries, 14 years Spanish-speaking overseas, one year English Grammar School which post still holding, seeks post recognised day-school; offers German, Spanish to advanced level of G.C.E., Maths. basics to ordinary level, some knowledge of French. German, post predd. In or near Univ. town. Excellent testimonials and references. Box 5260.

HONS. Economics grad. (28), 2½ys. journalism, incl. national daily, exper. industry, sks. opportunity with scope. Box 5188.

OXFORD B.A., English Literature, 23, would welcome suggestions for useful, intelligent work. Prepared to work hard in congenial activity. Box 4980.

CANADIAN (22) seeks employment in creative or theatrical design. Box 5306.

EDUCATED, fully expd. farm manager (working) seeks post prog. owner or school or institution. Capable training boys. Interested any suggestions. Wife willing work. Capable domestic or secretarial; good needlewoman. Excellent refs. Box 5268.

LADY (59), intelligent & open-minded, capable & loyal, interested books, art, travel & current affairs, sks. congenial resid. post; sec.-domestic duties. Box 5150.

WOMAN art grad., 23, at present teaching, sks. change of job. Interests horses, travel, but anything consid. Box 5180.

EDUC., married woman, 35, children at school all day, wants post as medical-secretary-receptionist. Good shtnd.-typist, keen interest medicine & people. Box 5163.

WOMAN expd. secretl., social & domestic work sks. any useful job where human interest involved & conditions not too confined. Free hours. Gd. refs. Box 5226.

INTELLIGENT, widely experienced young secretary personality sks. part-time appointment, non-commercial preferd.; access. Enfield. Good speeds & refs. Box 4905.

EXPD. woodworker, 32, interested design, would like to work for architect; similar any conditions. C.I.T. 2858.

YOUNG Froebel mistress, 3 years' experience, 1 year's Drama training and Repertory experience, seeks interesting position. Suggestions welcomed. Box 5104.

PART-time work wanted London or Windsor by student, aged 23. Qualified driver and excellent character. Harman, Flat 5, Clewer Lodge, Windsor.

EXPD. Secretary Sh., Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

MANOR House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, Devon. Very popular West Country hotel. Golf, fishing, hunting, etc., within own grounds. Open all year round. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

STEANBRIDGE: quiet guest house in unspoilt Cotswold valley has a few vacancies with view to permanency. People of all nationalities welcome. Home-grown produce; breakfast in bed (optl.). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comf. living quarters; farm produce; log fires; c.h.w.; 60 acres; from 5gns. weekly. Tel. Roshlake Green 321.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

TREGENNA Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall. Open all year round. Reservations for 1953 Spring and Summer should not be delayed. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

PARIS. Spend Xmas at Hotel de Bordeaux*, Latin Quarter. 350-600 frs. mthly. H.C. Bath. Billiards. Recently modernised. Eng. spoken. 28 rue-de la Montagne, St. Genevieve, Paris V. Metro, Maubert Mutualite.

CORNWALL. Trebarrock Manor & Farm. Jersey Herd. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Cuisine for Xmas and early Spring flowers in January. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. For Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne, and Polzeath. Excellent cuisine and all personal comforts guaranteed. Manageress, Mrs. Acocks. Port Isaac 234.

CHRISTMAS at a country pub? Choose one from the Little Guide to Village Inns, 2s. 6d., post 2d., from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 21s. day, 4gns. wkly. incl., from Oct. 1. Tel. 1944.

CHRISTMAS in the country, with good food, pleasant companionship, homely atmosphere, every comfort and convenience amidst delightful surroundings. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

TURNBERRY Hotel, Ayrshire, Scotland's famous seaside resort and Ailsa Golf Course. Reservations should be made early for 1953 season. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

SPEND an old-fashioned Christmas in historic mansion with all mod. con. situated near Cumberland coast and sheltered by magnificent mountains. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumb. Write or telephone 42.

CROFT House, Burcot, Oxon. Oxford 8 miles. Ideal for winter residence, convalescence. Booking now for Christmas. Central heating. Fishing, tennis, billiards, A.A., R.A.C. Tel.: Clifton Hampden 232.

HOVE for Xmas. Few vacancies at comfortable Guest House. Exc. a day (Mn. 4 days). 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel. 39389.

GLENEAGLES Hotel, Perthshire, famous whatever golf is played, reopens for 1953 season at Easter. Early reservations for Coronation Year advisable. Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

ENJOY a Happy Xmas or New Year away in Welsh Mountains. Stay at Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, Caerns. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

OLD Fump Cottage, Shuttesbury. Simple. Log fires. Good Xmas Fare. 25s. per day.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel where you find comfort and good food in lovely surroundings. Special diets. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

NEAR Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way. Jordans; charming modern Guest House in lovely country; London 24 miles. Telephone Jordans 2155.

ATTIC Club Meals. Famous for high food value. Pure whole food only. Over 144 High Holborn. Opposite Town Hall. Membership till December 31: 2s. 6d.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 10gns., K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior Schools 18gns.

FORTIS Green School, 68 Fortis Green, N.2, co-educational progressive, independent, day and weekly boarding school; children 2-12 yrs. Recognised by Min. of Ed. Spacious grounds, small classes, individual work, project method, outdoor activities, pupils sit common entrance exam. 11+.

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £40 term. Good academic results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School, Day & School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls, Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St., W.1. Regent 2801. Founded 1901.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss F. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EMBASSY. Pri. 2211. Tues., Fri., 8; Sat. 5 & 8.30; Thurs., 2.30; Sun., 7.30 (mems.). Peter Ustinov's "High Balcony."

ARTS. Ten. 3334. Evs. (ex. Mon.), 7.0. St., Sun., 5 & 8. Fay Compton in Jean Cocteau's "The Holy Terrors." Mems. 5s. yr.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "Strangers in the Land." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Tues., Dec. 2, 7.30, Hungarian Musical, "Mrs. Dery" and Chaplin comedy. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30, Sun. 6.30. "One to Die." From Dec. 4, "The Sky is Red." Mem. 5s. yr.

IRVING. Whi 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun. 9.30. Edric Connor in his "Cabaret Caribbean." Membership 5s. yearly.

MERCURY, W.11 (Park 5700). Sun., Nov. 30, 8 p.m. Poetry reading. Catherine Lacey, Robert Eddison. 5s., 3s. 6d.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Nov. 30: "Citizen Kane" (A). From Dec. 1: Pierre Fresnay, Yvonne Printemps in "Le Voyage en Amerique" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Nov. 30, 7.30. "Sous le Ciel de Paris" (A).

S. LONDON Film Society, 137 Camberwell Rd., S.E.5. ROD. 5344, presents 6 showings (Jan.-March), incl. Brief Encounter, Asphalt Jungle, Ivan the Terrible. 7s. 6d.

ALL-Première Programme of Soviet Films, "Chinese Circus" and "In the Steppes," Scala Theatre, W.1. 7.30, Tues., Dec. 2. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 7s. 6d., from Ed. Cttee., British-Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (CLE. 4161). Enclose s.a.e. 10 per cent discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. HIT. 1611. Ravensbourne Rest., Opp. Catford Town Hall, Sat., Nov. 29, 7.15. "Kameradschaft." Mems.

BARTOK'S "Bluebeard's Castle." Joan Cross, Arnold Matters, Stanford Robinson. Opera Circle, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sun., Dec. 14, 8 p.m. Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

AUSTRIAN Krampus Dance. The Anglo-Austrian Society invites you to Kensington Town Hall (opp. High St. Kens. Tube) on Thurs., Dec. 4, at 8 p.m. Viennese Cabaret. Viennese Buffet. Dancing until 11.30. Tickets from the Sec., 139 Kensington High St., W.8. Members 5s.; Non-Members and all tickets at the door 7s. 6d. Book early!

ENJOY yourself in a jolly atmosphere at the Hungarian Club. Dancing to the Swing Serenaders, Sun., Nov. 30 at 7 p.m. Mems. 2s., guests 2s. 6d. Restaurant open.

INTERNATIONAL Fair—Saturday, Nov. 29, 13 Cavendish Ave., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Afternoon and evening from 3 p.m. Gifts from all lands, prices for all pockets. Entertainments. Refreshments. National Assembly of Women, 174 Uxbridge Road, W.12.

XMAS Bazaar and Fair—Seymour Hall, W.1. Saturday, November 29, 12 to 5. Adm. 6d. (children under 14—3d.). Xmas Tree, Puppet Show, Fortune Teller, Raffles and other Side-shows. Buy your Xmas presents from St. Marylebone Labour Party.

CONCERTS

HAYDN Orchestra, conductor Harry Newstone. Chelsea Town Hall, Mon. next, 7.30. Ov. Idomeneo, Mozart; Brandenburg 1, Bach; Sym. Concertante & Sym. 94, Haydn. 7s., 6s., 5s., 3s., Chappell (MAY. 7600), Bentley (FLA. 0335), Hall and agents.

ROYAL Albert Hall. Concert by Soviet Artists visiting Britain. Raizen, Gilels, Bezrodny, Kabalevsky, Guselnikova, Yerochin. 7.30, Tues., Dec. 9. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., from Box Office, Royal Albert Hall (KEN 8212); agents. Presented by Education Committee, British-Soviet Friendship Society.

CONCERT of Contemporary Rumanian Music. The New London Quartet. Alan Loveday (violin), Leonard Cassini (piano). Compositions by Enescu, Toduta, Negea, Feldman, etc. Conway Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 17, 8 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d. (Inc. Tax). British Rumanian Friendship Assocn., 101 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (MAI. 5988).

75TH Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall. Sat., Nov. 29, at 3. Robert & Gaby Casadesus. Works for 2 pianos & 4 hands by Fauré, Chabrier, Satie, Schmitt, Milhaud, etc. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Graham Sutherland. Ideas & Studies for Festival Painting "The Origins of the Land." Keith Vaughan. Retrospective Oils & Gouaches. Contemporary French & English lithographs. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1952; daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays. Until December 7.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth. British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186. Picture and Sculpture Fair. A 12gn. ticket may win you an original Henry Moore, Barbara Hepworth, John Piper, Max Ernst, etc. Fair open daily 11-6, Sunday 2.30-6, until Dec. 4.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. New illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Pictures by Bateson Mason, Felix Kelly, Paul Maitland (1869-1909). Drawings by Clifford Hall. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions VII, incl. paintings by Degas, Renoir, Canaletto, Wilson, Courbet, Corot, Picasso, etc. Dly. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Winter Exhibition. Oils, Water Colours, Sculpture, 10-5. Excluding Sunday.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., Italian Rococo Paintings and Piranesi Etchings. Mon.-Fri., 10-5; Sat. 10-1.

APOLLINAIRE Galerie, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Drawings of Greece by Paul Hogarth. December 2-13, 11-7 incl. Sat.

THREE Young Collectors. An exhibition of Painting and Sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Dec. 9. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Paintings by Zao Wou-Ki. Paintings by Anita de Caro. Until December 5.

SPANISH Artists For Peace. Oils, watercolours, lithos. etc., including works as tribute to Spanish poet Lorca. "Archer Gallery," 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Buses 15-52. Stn. Notting Hill Gate. December 2-31. Mon. to Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Thornton: "Temple of Flora" and Redouté: "Les Roses." Original hand-coloured engravings. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. "Of Light and Colour," 19th and 20th Century French Painters.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Exhib. of Work by Artists of Abbey Art Centre, New Barnet. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

IMPERIAL Institute Gallery, Imp. Inst. Rd., S.W.7. Contemporary Ceylonese Paintings by artists of the 43 group. Till Dec. 15. Dly. 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6.

A.I.A. The Mirror and the Square. An Exhibition ranging from Realism to Abstraction. New Burlington Galleries. Dec. 2-Dec. 20. 10-6 inclusive Saturdays. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "A New Equitable Interest in Land" will be given by Dr. G. C. Cheshire (Council of Legal Education), at 5.30 p.m. on December 3 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

ALL Nations Social Club. Parliamentary Brains Trust, Stan Awbery, M.P. (Labour), Commander Robert Allen, M.P. (Cons.), Rt. Hon. John Dugdale, P.C., M.P. (Labour) (former Minister of State, Colonies), R. C. Brooman-White, M.P. (Cons.). Thursday, December 4, 8 p.m., at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions from audience must be handed in on night by 7.50 p.m. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

"SHOULD Corporal Punishment be Reintroduced?" Address by B. L. Q. Henriques, C.B.E., J.P., at Sunday Service, Nov. 30, 11.30, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket grnd.). All welc.

RICHARD Gorer, well-known authority on Czech music, will speak on 19th Century Czech opera with programme of gramophone records, at 20 Pont St., S.W.1, on Tues., Dec. 9, at 7.45 p.m., arranged by British Czechoslovak Friendship League.

"CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S International Relations." Speaker: Mr. Kurt Merz. Chairman: Mr. John Alexander. The 2nd of two talks by Mr. Merz surveying Czechoslovakia's outlook in foreign affairs. Org. by: Brit.-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Dec. 2, 7.45. All welc.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Public Meetings. Alternate Sundays throughout the Winter at Denison House Hall, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road (near Victoria Station). November 30, at 7 p.m.: "Through Rose Tinted Spectacles" (Films and Society). H. Young. December 14, at 7 p.m.: "The Struggle in the East." H. Read.

ANGLO-Israeli Club, 43-44 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Jewish Forum: (2) "Austria Victim or Culprit?" Speakers: Dr. F. R. Bienenfeld, Mr. Reginald Sorensen, M.P., Dr. E. Weismann. In the Chair: Dr. S. Roth. Tuesday, December 2, 8 p.m.

SHAW Society welcomes new members and guests. Bulletin from 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. Fri., Dec. 5, 8.30 p.m. Discussion "Is music a moral and social force?" opened by Lady Mayer. Sun., 7th, 7.30 p.m. Group Theatre reading "The Coming of Age" verse play by Patric Dickinson, pro. Rory Walker. Cast includes Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Gudrun Ure, Robert Eddison, Julian Somers, John Van Eyssen. Seats bookable in advance from I.C.A. Gallery, members and guests only.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

JAMES Johnson, M.P., on "The Colonies." N.W. London Fabian meeting on Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8 p.m., at King Alfred School, North End Road, N.W.11 (210 bus from Golders Green Tube). All welcome.

PANDIT Kapindra will speak on "The Story of the Ramayana," Dec. 5, 8.15 p.m. All welc. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns. W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

"PARTNERSHIP in Africa"—forum of speakers—J. C. M. Alport, M.P., Peter Blackman & others. Dec. 5, 8 p.m., at the London School of Economics, Auspices of South African Students Assoc. All welcome.

DR. R. L. M. Synge, F.R.S., Nobel Laureate, will speak on his impressions of a recent visit to Poland. Wed., Dec. 3, 8 p.m. Polish Cult. Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Chair: Dr. D. Crowfoot-Hodgkin, F.R.S.

HUGH Gaitskell, M.P., on "The Future for Britain," last Lecture of Fabian Autumn Series, Tues., Dec. 2, 7.15, Livingstone Hall, Westminster. 2s. 6d. and 4s. at door.

"THE Mental Climate in which we write." Authors World Peace Appeal Second Conference, C.E.A. Hall, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. Dec. 5 & 6. All writers invited. Apply 5s. tkts. 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

CHELSEA Forum & Gramophone Club. Alan Bush on "Recent Developments in Soviet Music," Sun., Nov. 30, at 7.45 p.m. W.A.S.U. 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. 1s. 6d. All welcome.

JAY Blumler. "Trends in American Politics To-day." Hampstead Ethl. Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green, Sun., Nov. 30, at 7.45.

RONALD Watkins on "Shakespeare Production" at Harrow." Wednesday, December 3, 7.30. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Tickets 2s. (s.a.e.). Shakespeare Stage Soc., 96 Charlotte St., W.1.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 30: Joseph McCabe, "The Constructiveness of Rationalism." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesday at 7 p.m. Dec. 2, S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Novel as Current History." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Nov. 28, J. Addison, "The Case Against Materialism."

POLISH Cultural Institute: Lecture and films on Moniuszko, creator of Poland's national opera. Speaker: Composer Hugo Pruss. Films of opera "Halka" and Symphonic Poem. Friday, Nov. 28, 8 p.m., 81 Portland Place, W.1. All welcome.

"BEHIND the Scenes at Scotland Yard." A lecture will be given by Robert H. Fabian for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch. Mon., Dec. 1, 8 p.m. Free.

SOCIALIST Zionist Party (Mapam), 17 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. "The Role of the Kibbutz in the Development of Israel and its Tasks Today": A. Bendavid, Wednesday, December 3, 8 p.m.

TARBUT La'Am Jewish Cultural Centre. "Economic Problems of Israel": Dr. Margalit (Israel Embassy), 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Sunday, Nov. 30, 8 p.m.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Friday, Dec. 5, 1 p.m. Lunch-Time Talk in English by Mr. Paul Bareau, Economist. Subject: "The Future of the Sterling."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (1) Meditation & Discourse every Sun. at 4 p.m. (2) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Dec. 4, 7.30 p.m., "Can We All Practise Yoga?" All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wed., Dec. 3, 6.30 p.m. Public Lecture, "The Practice of Right Attention," Mrs. Adelaide Gardner.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "Broken Marriages or Unhappy Marriages?" At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, Nov. 30, at 11 a.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. December 6, at 6 p.m. Film: "60 Years South" and Cartoon.

POTTERY Demonstration. Lecture by W. R. Newland. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadlers Wells). Monday, Dec. 1, 8 p.m. Admission 2s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WHITE Against Black in Africa. Progressive League week-end conference, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Afternoons 2.30, Nov. 29 & 30. Speakers include James Griffiths, M.P., Monica Whately, Samson Morris. Admission free. Concert & dance Saturday evening 5s. 6d.

"THE Challenge of The Planned Economy." One Day School at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Saturday, December 6. Morning 10.15 a.m., afternoon 2 p.m., evening 5.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. (whole day). The Georgeists, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1. Abbey 6665.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—*continued*

ESSEX Education Committee. Residential Weekend Courses: Wansfell Adult College, Theydon Bois, Epping. (Central Underground Line.) "The United States of America," Dec. 5-7. "Children's Films," Dec. 12-14. Fees 39s. resident. Details from the Warden.

THE Practical Outcome. A Symposium by the Four Lecturers, being the 6th Tutorial Lecture on The Contemporary Dilemma, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Fri., Dec. 5 at 7 p.m. Adm. 3s.

CHILDREN'S Lectures on the Theatre in the Christmas holidays by Sybil Thorndike, Richard Southern, Donald Wolfit and Rosalind Iden, Martin Browne, George Speaight, John Clements and Kay Hammond —on Model Theatres, Puppets, Great Actors, Famous Plays, at the British Academy, Burlington Gardens, on Mondays and Fridays from December 29, at 3 p.m. Serial Tickets for six, incl. tea, 25s.; from British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. (EUS. 2666.)

MANNERS & Conventions, New & Old: J. N. Glaister and others, Dec. 5-8. Creative Learning and Teaching: C. Gattegno and Jeannie Cannon, Dec. 12-15. Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

CENTRAL Training Council in Child Care. Applications are invited from men and women aged 21-45 (preferably over 25) for training as boarding-out officers in the Child Care Services. Candidates should be qualified for social work, teaching or health visiting, or be graduates with suitable experience. University courses lasting 12 months start in October, 1953; grants to cover fees and maintenance are available. Full particulars from the Secretary, Central Training Council in Child Care (AM), Home Office, Horseferry House, Thorney St., London, S.W.1. Applications to be submitted as soon as possible and in any case not later than March 1, 1953.

CHIROPODY as a Career. London Foot Hospital. Two-year courses for qualification of Society of Chiropodists (M.Ch.S.). Few vacancies for Course commencing April. Minimum age 17 years. Grants by Educational Authorities for assistance during training in approved cases. School under administration Paddington Group Hospital Management Committee. Prospectus, Principal, London Foot Hospital, 33 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Lectures on French Literature in French, every Wed., 8.15. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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CORONATION Year students joining the Langham Secretarial College on January 5 next will receive an extra month's tuition free of charge for tours and background lectures. Enrol now. Vacancies limited. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. (MAY. 2904.)

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